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BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

CHAPTER I.

"Time!—what did the last queen do?"
"The last queen—lose."

artistically arranged, a heavy silver water service, and several decanters half filled ing directly antagonistic to the law.

A single door opened to the hall without; a door heavily barred, and having a small 'peek" opening from within. This was a precaution taken by Vice.

At the darker end of the room was a long king painted in natural colors on glossy enamel. It was a fare layout. It was the victim it lures to destruction.

Back of the tables sat the dealer, he who was no easy task. pitted his luck against the egotistical and fanatical wisdom of any and all players. a supercitious glance. Luck is not always his only resource. His duties were arduous. He sold the ivory | coldly. chips and received all moneys; he shuffled fore him; he paid all bets won, and took all what the humiliating effort cost him. lost; and when desired redeemed a play only knows how I need to win, and -" countenance might as well have been of dee it was a mask, cold and cryptic. This gother! as the result of schooling-sometimes assur-

To his right, in a seat somewhat above the level of the table, was the lookout. His duty is to watch the busy dealers' movements, and correct occasional oversights and errors. He protects the dealer, not the who "bucks the tiger" must look out for himself.

At the end of the table sat the cuekeeper: before him a small wooden rack, pierced with a gasp from his feverish throat. For by wires, on which are strung fare bank—less than a nobody; he is a mode of vengeance seemed to inspire him. lacquey. He receives no salary, yet is at the He wheeled his chair closer to the table. beck and call of each and every player, and throwing himself into it, hissed fiercely and on their generosity largely depends for between his grinding teeth: his remuneration. Winners sometimes pay him; losers frequently curse him. He has other means-te play; a dangerous hazard. One other, also: to wit, "sleepers." Some the dealer smiled as if struck by a pleasing would call "nailing a sleeper" stealing. It thought. Cecil Kendall vouchsafed no anconsists of adroitly seizing an overlooked swer-not even a glance; it was a disagreebet, sometimes from a dead card. The cue-able difficulty, easily disposed of. What keeper is a maiformation; the longer he cared he for such a threat as that? lives, the worse he becomes; a result of weakness as well as of necessity. The cuehumpback. So much the worse; he was deal before now coppered the card. That is doubly a malformation, and his misfortune the superstition of gamblers. But supersti-

Do natures, not utterly ignoble ever enter here? Was ever a man who, deep down within him, was capable of self-sacrificing grandeur, the backer of such a place as this? The moralist, in answer, will cry no! moralist err?-we shall see Behold! you

have the motive of our story. "Well, you broke me; let it satisfy you," was the sullen response; and the speaker's system of the previous deal-single out, and gloomy eyes wandered yearningly toward played it a winner for the limit. several stacks of chocolate chips before a player seated to his left.

"Satisfy me!" retorted the dealer disdainto win the string off the \$10-note you lost table. Cecil Kendall and the cue-keeper

in this afternoon's piking?"

"The last queen—lose."

"I call it both ways from the nine for a dollar." The voice of the speaker was husky and doubtfully wavering.

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"I call it both ways from the nine for a dissipation, his darkly circled eyes and the swollen appearance of his pallid face. It was a face distorted now by intense was broken only by the faint sound made by

"I'd not have been like to have made the bet could I not make good," he said, with intense bitterness. "I've lost enough in this place for my word to be worth that much."

"Put that man out! Put him out, I say, or, by God, I'll never enter the place the favor; but sat in silence, half bowed in his chair, his hands clasped tightly between his chair, his hands clasped tightly between his chair, his hands clasped upon the game, his wees, his eyes fixed upon the game, his week as nothing, yet the desperate sufferer shrank from asking or, by God, I'll never enter the place or presumptuous posterity.

"Put that man out! Put him out, I say, or, by God, I'll never enter the place or presumptuous posterity.

"Godard leaped up with an oath.

"Fut me out?" he roared in hoarse fury.

"Put that man out! Put him out, I say, or, by God, I'll never enter the place of presumptuous posterity.

"Fut the desperate sufferer shrank from asking the favor; but sat in silence, half bowed in his chair, his hands clasped tightly between "I'd not have been like to have made the | whose every bet was five times that amount, | cried fiercely to the dealer:

bis knees, his eyes fixed upon the game, his hasty, impetuous action. His feverish gaze never left the fateful dealbox opposite.

"I don't question your word, Nate Godard; but you know the rules. This house pays or akes only what lays."

As the dealer spoke his rapid fingers made the turn. The queen showed first. The player had lost.

Something like a shudder ran over him; his teeth came together with a snap, biting off from utterance the bitter oath of disappointment which sprang toward his lips; the hands upon his knees beneath the table were clenched till the nails ate the fiesh.

The player had lost.

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The queen showed first his provided and placed his bets un-The player had lost.

Something like a shudder ran over him; his teeth came together with a snap, biting off from utterance the bitter oath of disappointment which sprang toward his list: some pointment which sprang toward his list: more denoted till the nails ate the fiesh. As they followed the note to a drawer by the dealer's side his eyes burned as from developing madness, it was madness; the approaching madness, it was madness; the approaching madness, it was madness; the approaching madness, it was madness; the surproaching madness, it was madness; the surproaching madness, it was madness; the feather the fiesh manifest of the gamester was upon him.

The strategie madness were the dealer as shoulder ran over him; interest, his lips compressed, his intense of the turns were made, then upon the cuesilence. The eyes of all were upon him.

He shapbed to the
silence was stuncient. He shapbed to the
silence the state is mainly a
little window and threw both hands above
his requisitor out under out un fever, glowed with an intensity of eagerness setting a rapid pace seeming to feel in luck,

At one side of the room was a massive of stern determination. The dealer smited before, he had accepted the ministerial care sideboard, rich with crystal and cut glass, faintly as he sized the payment chips of the local parish, and moved thither from against the bets.

"Rather a nice deal, Mr. Kendall," he re-

"You must have won eighteen hun'ard."
"Yes—and it's not a marker to what I want to win." The remark was a casual one, but somehow a fearful significance was discernible in the quiet tone.

'Well, the string is a long one," langhed the dealer, shuffing the cards.

Nathan Godard had risen and was leaning table, covered with green baize, and above against the table. He was deathly pale and which lights were burning. Slightly raised | trembled like a leaf. He braced himself for

"Will-will you stake me 10?" He spoke tiger, courted while feared. It should have with an effort, addressing Cecil Kendall, been called the snake, for it fascinates, and the voice which came from his quiver-charms, ere it kills; renders powerless the ing a favor-the next door to begging; it

"It's a small matter," faltered Godard, his the cards and dealt from the silver box le- ghastly face and wavering voice betraying

Cecil Kendall's lip had curled in a snee You're drunk. Sit down-or get out alto

Godard shrank a trifle from the harshness, but persisted; the emergency and the possibility were restless spars.

"You're a big winner. If you but knew-"I tell you no!" angrily interrupted Ken-all, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes closely cut, and slightly tinged by gray, and

halled cues; and which, by their position, sulter, then suddenly drew back, his sturdy invaluable to the player; it is manipulated scarlet countenance distorted by disappointby the cuekeeper. But he is a nobody in a ment, chagrin and rage. A more ruinous

> to beggary!" A laugh rose from about the table, and

He placed a bet of \$50 at the top of the

the greater. His name was John Green, but tion seemed to be wisdom, now. (ecil he was nicknamed Humpty. tenance did not alter; he coolly placed the limit on the double in the box. Again fate was against him; the card showed a loser on the turn. The flush beneath his eyes faded slightly. Could there be aught in that impetuously, disdainfully. May not the threat, still ringing in his ears? He glanced ing forward in his chair, his turgid face red "No. Nate Godard, I did not question your and exultant, his eyes intense with a baneword; I only obeyed the rule of the house." ful glow, Kendall frowned slightly, and said the dealer quietly, as he shuffled and reverted to the game; but somehow he felt butted the cards preparatory to a new deal. his confidence waning. There was one case card in the box. He clung to his lucky

It seemed like fate. The card was the first to show, and of course a loser. Godard laughed in malignant triumph. What is it to me? Did you think and an irrepressible smile went round the alone remained grave. The former was in-"The losing is more to me than you imagine," returned Godard huskily.

alone remained grave. The former was inspired by that spirit of determined defiance which at some unfortunate hour animates Why did you make a play, then? No the nature of all who buck the tiger; the

latter by the painful realization of a remineration cozing away.

Somewhat daunted by his shift of luck. Kendall sat back in his chair and waited for the cases. He would take no chance of a split. He bet the first according to hissystem—and lost. Godard's malignant laugh fired him, but though the blood was boiling in his veins and his eves glittered as brightly as the diamond on his finger, he betrayed no emotion. Yet the demon was aroused within him, and never before was man more completely in the tixer's claws. But Ceil Kendall was a keen player of the world.

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Swede.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was himself, like his father, one of those was himself, lik But Cecil Kendall was a keen player of the dangerous game. He was known in this palace of vice as a "high roller," and one coaxed you into it." was the dealer's was admitted to have a cool and calculating A Chat About Simple Sweden and Her India creole coquette. head. He now pinched his bets a trifle and reversed his system to double out, with a Announcing in hackneyed phrase the alluring possibility, broke the silence of an elaborate room.

"Time!—what did the last cross deals." shifted with him, and every case was a sin-

Not a word was spoken as the dealer shuffled the cards and replaced them in the habits. dollar." The voice of the speaker was dollar. The voice of the speaker was doubtfully wavering.

The dealer paused for a moment, his left the dealer paused for a moment, his left the cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed the buttons don't he to cue-keeper as he pushed remained a Swedlen and swedling popular.

In Swedler emained a Swedle remained a Swe

The surroundings of the scenes which are to follow—scenes of that suppressed yet friehfully ivrid excitement to be witnessed in a resort of gamblers only, are worthy of description.

The apartment was large and richly furnessed in a resort of gamblers only, are worthy of description.

The apartment was large and richly furnessed in the surrounding of the color of subdued color covered the floor, the massive wainut chairs were upholstered in marcon, and, save those occupied, were placed with soruble of the surrounding of the color of the surrounding of the color of the surrounding of the surround

by Rev. Leonard Royal, when, 30 years In those days he, as a man of 40, had given promise of a resplendent future in his chosen profession; for he

was a scholar, an able pulpit orator, and, which is not always the case, is heart was in his work. But an affliction of eight years later, the death of his tender ly loved wife, an amiable and attractive with telling effect; and though the grievous visitation was humbly sustained and with almost heroic resignation, the fire of ambi-tion within him had died also. Yet he almost heroic resignation, the fire of ambition within him had died also. Yet he bravely retained his rectorship, endearing himself to all by his gentle demeanor and his tenderly benignant ministrations; and devoted the leisure of his home life to the careful rearing of a son and daughter. Harry and Medora Royal. His parish was a small one, and his means correspondingly so; yet by moderate economy he had in time been able to purchase Grangely Park, the sechnation and solitude of which were sadly congonial; and at the end of 20 more years there was a striking analogy between the two—both were time-worn and wasted and seemed only to be patiently awaiting the final sweep of the scythe.

Late in an afternoon of September, the afternoon which marks our intrusion upon the fateful events which thereafter shaped the lives of many, the aged divine was seated in his comfortable study and engaged.

thoughtfully against the antiquated chimney-piece, and who was of such striking personality as to demand description.

He was between 45 and 50 years of age, erect and well-formed, inclining somewhat to stoutness, and just a trifle over the medium height. The hair upon his finely shaped and well-poised head was rather closely cut and slightly tinged by gray, and his face, while not of that cast denominated handsome, was one to rivet an observer's immediate attention. It was smoothly shaven, and the wrinkleleas skin was pecularly clear and white. The brow was broad and lofty, the nose straight and the lips symmetrical and delicately formed. His eyes were the most striking feature. They were of a grayish blue, and of that peculiar nature which, in moments of intense emotion, caused them to dilate even to a flashing blue, and largely to them his countenance owed its wonderfully attractive expression. It was the face of a man of that ground. snaven, and the wrinkleless skill was broad arrivelear and white. The brow was broad straight and the lips so to and Joity, the nose straight and the lips symmetrical and delicately formed. His eyes were the most striking feature. They were of a grayish blue, and of that peculiar nature which, in moments of intense emotion, caused thom to dilate even to a fashing black, and largely to them his countenance owed its wonderfully attractive expression. It was the face of a mau of superhuman will, yet in its calm grayity, its almost cold and malancholy sombreness, there was something irresistibly winning. He was scrupulously dressed. His black Prince Albert, buttoned about his perfect He was scrupulously dressed. His blace Prince Albert, buttoned about his perfect Prince Albert, buttoned about his periest form, fitted like a glove, and came nearly to the knees of his bearl-gray trousers. His shoes, small for one of his size, were carefully polishe; and his silk hat, absently placed upon the rector's centre-table, was of the latest style, and, like his whole person. All the latest style, and, like his whole person, devoid of any sign of dust or blemish. A selitaire, small, but of piercing brilliancy, adorned the black satin-tie beneath his modest spotless collar; but this, other than the heavy gold repeater in his fob, was the only lewelry upon his person. This is the heavy gold repeater in his fob, was the only lewelry upon his person. This is the Boston faro bank, at the moment of what lookedato be an inevitable quarrel.

As he stood leaning with his arm upon the chimney-piece, his left hand, white and deficate, drooped slightly over its edge; but his right was thrust into the breast of his black coat, as if there to control the action of the heart beneath; while his grave eyes, almost melancholy, were steadfastly bent upon the face of the thin, grav-haired old gentleman, scated at the opposite side of the small apartment.

Two men occupying more remote places in the structure of social life can hardly be imagined. Leonard Royal was a divine—Moses flood was a Gamester!

Their interview had not been of long duration, and its continuation may be readily understood.

"It rust that you will hear me patiently," the divine was saying; and his gentle, distributed and troubled countenance, the allowed the first of Gurand Royal was a divine.

"It rust that you will hear me patiently," the divine was saying; and his gentle, distributed and troubled countenance, the allowed the near the rust of social life can hardly winderstood.

"It rust that you will hear me patiently," the divine was saying; and his gentle, distributed to be made of the patiently made the can despite the patiently made the can be and the continued to be made to the can be and the continued to the continued to rm, fitted like a glove, and came nearly

"I trust that you will hear me patiently," the divine was saying; and his gentle, distressed tone and troubled countenance, the almost pleading manner in which he leaned forward in his chair to gaze noward with dimmed eyes at the statue-like figure opposite, the irrepressole trembling of his aged hands and head, white with the snow of nearly 70 winters, all denoted a painful emotion within. "My communication is not an agreeable one, and I cannot forget the events of the past year." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

arge and worldly families, we migh particulars is about all we have, and genuine literature is as simple in elements as the nine digits, which are enough to

Reproduced from Olympus. We are all weighted down, as our flight be gins, by the so-called facilities and gimps of

guages and forward in infidelity and dis-

"While showherds watched their flocks by night, All scated on the ground, The angel of the Lord appeared, And glory shone around."

Sweden owes probably to its rejected and despised queen, the Eutheran apostate Christine, half-Prussian daughter of Gustave Adolf, its attention to science and learning. She compelled the end of

tuther was a miner's son, and he was the

of Living.

How It Is Possible to Secure Comfort by Economy.

tion that's agitating the mind of many a maid and youth just now.

It is their intention, God bless them, to join their hearts and hands in the near autumn, when bridals do abound, and the problem of this joint existence is one that must be met at the outset. It should be met squarely. It is a poor policy to dodge the question, and trust to luck and the rayens question, and trust to luck and the rayens failure. To board or not to board, that is the ques-

Not his right absently replicable in a symmetrical pile the losing cards on the table interest him, his grave eyes bent steadfastly in the face of the man who had addressed in He waited but a moment; the moment preceding the turn of a card seems thrice its actual length. The player did not win a betting a seem of the best He waited but a moment; the moment preceding the turn of a card seems thrice its actual length. The player did not win a betting a seem of the best He waited but the members of the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that many thrice its actual length. The player did not win a betting where and in the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that many thrice its actual length. The player did not win a betting where and in the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that in layer bracel himself for the conflict. It layer bracel himself for the conflict. The player did not win a betting where and in the corner, and him the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that the sleeping youth upon the sofe. The election in the mirror as if the sight of that the conflict himself for the conflict. It layer bracel himself for the conflict. The conflict is devered brain and, shaking at the knees, he to close the selection in the mirror as if the sight of that in layer bracel himself for the conflict. The conflict is always bracel and the content in the conflict is always bracely a special conditions, where the maids are not been content in the conflict is layer bracel himself for the conflict. The conflict is layer bracel himself for the conflict. The conflict is a local conditions, where the maids are not been conflicted in the conflict is layer bracel and the fortune steems in the conflict is layer bracel and this fortunes; from sda lines of the count is layer bracel and the feed of where himself on the count is layer bracel and the second in the count is layer bracel and the second in the count is layer bracel and the feed of the maids a death so closely followed his, and whose gener as an explorer was cut short by politics and extravagant expenditure.

It alreason was a producy, yet not like genius, as it already the moons that succeed it, but where the calculation and that very intimately, especially where the calculation and that very intimately, especially where the conditions.

To the predity Friceser came the public assistance of a public work; a canal was to be built across Sweden connecting the city of Stockholm by a chain of natural lakes with the Atlantic occan, thus rendering. Sweden an Atlantic nower: for when Erics son was born Norway belonged to Denmark, and the world. He earns fair living and has been provident, a bank account that they would have at a boarding, house for all the world. He earns fair living and has been provident a bank account that they be an additional and that they are establishing that where this canal debouched unon because in engineering, setting a little provide the pression of t. is precedently by the figure of Jesus in engineering, setting a little provide the pression of t. is precedently by the figure of Jesus in engineering, setting a little will be someway value on the labor of his brain blus his two hands. The maiden whom the will receive at the alter will have no dot as does the French where the great gang that was dittentively in the pression of t. is precedently the pression of t. is precedently the providence of the providence of

That is, will they live in one room and eat at a table common to a great many people, with the privilege, sometimes—not always by any means—of occasionally occupying a sitting room together with the houseful of boarders; or will our newly married pair have a little home of their own?

Which is less trouble?'
This is the next question, usually. Well, if by trouble work is meant, assuredly housek-eding is more work, especially for the wife. A woman who boards has, by comparison, nothing to do.
Not that many a married woman does not continue to go each day to business, but we are supposing the equally common case of the wife who gives up her trade or profession when she marries.

A woman who does not "work for her living" may work like a Digger Indian in world-wide pinianthropies, but the boor man's wife cannot afford the luxury of giving away all her time.

The right wife for a workingman with not

holes in the rear of his store about 5 o'clock. inc It is easy enough to see why.

In boarding you pay for sleeping accommodations, food and shelter, and the profit charged by the person who invests his capital to furnish the house, etc., more than covers the savings theoretically effected to

One of the pests which he had been chasing suddenly disappeared.

About half an hour afterward he placed his hand on his hip and found that Mr. Rat was there between his underclothes and trousers. This was stanking and Mr. Cable, though coolly setting about to get the rodent out, was fearful all the while that it would bite him. He held his trousers open by the waistband, but the rat would not come out. Then he went on the pavement and asked passers by to help him, but they only laughed at him, supposing that the rat was a candy affair, and went their way. Employed at the store was a young lady clerk, but as it would be a delicate matter to ask her to remove the rat, she was not called into requisition.

Emaily a how came in and Mr. Cable's covers the savings theoretically effected to you by being catered for among a number of others.

In addition you pay for the work which in one's own house would be the wife's contribution toward the cost of living.

Of course if one has money enough in his pocket to pay his board bill no further preparation for boarding is needed, whereas no one can set up housekeeping at such short notice. Nor with the same lack of capital,

Well, that is true to some extent; still in Days of Sharp Competition

and wide variety, it is possible to begin housekeeping in comfortable fashion on mall means, and once the "plant" is estab lished it grows almost unconsciously.

Household effects do not fly in at the window (and they do sometimes fly out, taking the window with them), but, in all serious ness, once set up housekeeping and one's possessions increase without half the appre-ciable effort made to get the first few into

clane effort made to get the first lew into place.

But suppose Jack—so many nice men are named Jack—has but a few hundred dollars in the bank shall he use that to furnish his house and leave himself—themselves, for then there will be two of them—with nothing for a rainy day? And would it not be better to board until he can 'see his way clear," etc. meaning until he can save money enough to begin housekeeping in lavish fashion.

No. attention attracted by a member of the feline tribe who immigrated to Boston on

No.
Because. In boarding everything is "extra," and very meagre accommodations cost from week to week about all the man can earn, and he never "sees his way clear." His money flows out and away into a bot tomless channel. There is never any return as when it is paid into building up his own home about his family.

turn as when it is paid into building up his own home about his family.

Jack will be wise to reserve a little nest egg out of his funds. It is e-sier to add than to start in anew on a bank account, and by furnishing one room less, and lopping off marble-topped tables and similar unnecessary and usly accessories, something can be saved from the little sum at hand.

Once in one's own home one may economize to one's heart's content or pocketbook's relief, and it is one's own concern. While boarding there is a constant temptation to go beyond one's means, and in all but high-priced boarding-houses and hotels there is a commonplaceness, if not positive vulgarity, that the poorest private house can escape.

street vender of pocketbooks, jackknives, chewing gum and divers small trinkets

these makeshifts. They are the cheapest of them, too expensive for the poor man. He must plan to invest his money, not to

There are now in every city institutions where not for greed, but for interest-paying philanthropy, every inducement is offered to people with no capital but their capable heads and hands and stout hearts to secure a nome. It may be a modest one. It should be a thoroughly well-built house and well located always, because this is not to be a temporary abode, but a permanent home for Margaret and for the children

For Years to Come. And when prosperity moves the family into a finer residence the first property will be an excellent investment.

inte fair endings, but the chances for a life | They Drive Both Engineer and Fireman from Their Posts.

Perkiomen Junction and Allentown stopped to the "pout." Women who rejoice in to take water at Palm station, 20 miles forms of faultless proportions are favoring

north from here. A swarm of bees from a neighboring farmhouse had taken refuge in some woods near by, and when the train stopped at the station they came buzzing out and alighted with one accord on the tender behind the engine.

The engineer and his assistant in the engine, and the brakemen standing around the train, were astonished at the visitation, and promptly sought safety in the waiting room of the station. The fireman, William Heist, was on the engine cab at the time, busily shifting ceal from one side of the tender to the other, and in an instant a hundred bees set upon him. Half mad with pain he jumped off the tender and rolled wildly in the grass at the roadside.

The schedule time for starting the train came and went, but the crew saw no way in which to start. They held a consultation over the problem, and finally a bright idea is struck the engineer. Putting it into execution, he creot softly and unconcernedly up to the tender, after the manner of an experienced bee farmer, and secured possession of "steels," a change has taken place, and the sleeves now pesses those wiry structures to keep them in place, as the leg o' mutton sleeve of our grandmother needed its cushion. But these full sleeves are transitory and before the winter has fairly set in we shall have to chronicle somet ing less huge.

Sleeves of different material from that used in the gown or of a contrasting shade are very fashionable, which by the way is a delightful mode for slender purses. Engassaut mourning dresses of black cashmer are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are made with full sleeves of black cashmer are are made with full sleeves of black cashme

ductor of the Northern Pacific railroad, is noted for his fondness for dumb animals of every description, and if he had retained all the "pets" he has possessed at various times he would have a fair start in the way of a zoological garden of his own. Probably the most novel of all his experiences in this line—as related by himself—recently occurred on the lake near this city.

Some time last summer while stability.

FALL STYLES FOR WOMEN.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Costumes, Scotch Tweeds and Alpacas Proper.

The Sensuous Greek Drapery to Perform Its Unique Mission.

With the marked difference in the weather the feminine heart naturally turns to a change of dress and fashion; like the chameleon, is ever mutable. The season of fragile materials is passing and "What shall I have for the fall?" is the question now uppermost in the minds of the devotees of

was discussing challies and foulards, but the time is at hand when Scotch tweeds and cashmeres are leading the van. Already the principal stores are showing fall importations, dainty and effective in their weaves and in embroidered designs. Greens in the ate although it must not be thought that golden browns and blue are relegated to the background. Far from it: for blue with all its various shades of navy and Orleans

promises to be the color par excellence. We now have the cashmeres on all sides of us and this material is always in high fashion across the water. Some of the cashmeres are works of art, being appliqued in the velvet leaves of self color, buttonholed with bright, contrasting shades of silk. Along the base of the pattern there depends a sort of fringe, which closely resembles the delicate tendrils of the roots of

plants and this effective tracery is embroidered in silk to match the leaves.

The r ge for alpacas still continues, and largely because of their durability. If there is one thing that captivates a woman it is a bargain, but if there is one thing that brings regret it is that that same bargain very often, and the reductions in alpacas, are to be avoided like not coals, for after the selection of a deceptive-looking silky material and the receipt of the dressmaker's bill added to one month's wear of the costume very have a diapidated-looking bili added to one month's wear of the costume you have a dilapidated-looking specimen of the modiste's art. So, to one and all, never buy a cheap alpaca!

Anropos of the modiste's art, dressmaking is more artistic today than in any other period of its history. Greek drapery in all its finished grace of lines and curves promises to make slender those inclined to embonoint and round out those figures that Haliburton would designate "split boards."

No longer does the fashionable dame appear like a washerwoman

With Hor Tucked-Up Skirts.

ried around to the back over the vest to form the top pleat of a bellows-pleated arrangement behind.

The blazer," of which every one is tired, still holds its own because of its utility, but the plaided and striped ones have had their day, and our eyes rest only upon those of plain colors, yellow and magenta bring most in favor, elaborately trimmed. Street jackets are as fanciful as material and use will bermit, and braids are seen in rich profusion. Greenish gray coats will be braided with fawn, pearl gray with lavender, stone color with gold, and dark blue with black. All the pelerines and most of the jackets have high D'albert collars, reaching almost to the ears; inside the collar is worn a high tulle ruff. Narrow ribbon and ribbon velvet rosettes give a pretty finish to dresses.

The large hat with the English sailor and the tiny, boat-shape torne rival each other for prominence, and feathers in abundance supersed the flowers of the closing season.

Some time last summer, while strolling about Cour of Alene's subtres. he came across two small turtles subtres. he came across two small turtles lively little fellows of the water species, and succeeded in coar pocket. Gook them to Spotkane Falls, and there provided them with a miniature acuarium in his room and countenced their domestication and education. One of them the intoir named 'Pat' and the other of the first of the state of the other acuarium in his room and countenced their domestication and education. One of them the intoir named 'Pat' and the other of the first of the state of the other of the other of the state of the other of the ot

[Baltimore American.]
Asbury Grove Colored Camp, under the auspices of Asbury M. E. Church, Washing. ton conference, is now in progress near St. George's Station. In the course of the services at the tabernacle yesterday, a nest of yellow jackets that could not stand the music came out from under one of the seats where a number of white ladies were sitting. producing a panic and stinging several of the ladies. Officer Henry Durkee came to the rescue with a kettle of boiling water, and, pouring it over the property of the party o the rescue with a kettle of boiling water, and, pouring it over the nest, soon put an end to the trouble.

nous amount of public documents issued during every session of Congress when it becomes necessary to appropriate from 12 to 15 storage rooms in the sub-basement of the House wing of the Capitol for the overflow of the ordinary document rooms on the basement floor. Twelve rooms now in the House sub-basement contain 300,000 books and 200,000 pamphlets. The Senate document rooms are proportionately crowded.

IN THE TIGER'S CLAWS.

Ditiless answer; as replacing the cards in the box, he deftly made a turn.

marked quietly.
"Yes, indeed," was the reply, with a short adorned the place. Surely its proprietor was adroidy "protected," else never would this expense have need years.

upon it was a layout, 18 cards from ace to an instant, holding his breath, then leaned suddenly forward.

> Cecil Kendall heard, and viewed him with "I am not through my play," he answered,

dressed. His brain was active, his eyes and he glanced sharply at the dealer, who kelert, his hands busy; but his ace, whether fiercely interrupted Godard's utterance, he lost or won, betrayed no emotion. His Shut up! and don't bother the players.

> dall, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. Isn't that enough, you beggar!" Nathan Godard recoiled as from a blow in the face, the humiliating epithet bursting

"Beggar, eh! Curse you! 1 will root you

of the World.

The Swede remained a Swede, and amidst

Had we men like this, not burdened with calculate the planetary arcs by.
Indeed there is a power to be derived from nakedness or next to it. The power of the wrestier, of the original baked gods, as

propriety, amongst which is education itself, with its loop backward in dead lan-

the lives of many, the aged divine was seated in his comfortable study and engaged in grave conversation with a man leaning thoughtfully against the antiquated chimney-piece, and who was of such striking.

survives an empire's splendors, like the name of Joseph Arimathee, who lent his

The Dull Eussians

Quiet Home Life.

Quiet Home Life.

But Swedish iron made steel from charcoal before Bessemer was, and in the mining district of Wermland, a miner's son. John Ericsson, was born in the lirst term of Thomas Jefferson—the year before Alexander liamilton was killed—and he survived Abraham Lincoln 24 years and Gen. Grant are often the result of unchanging, simple habits.

The Swede remained a Swede, and amidst

for bodily sustenance and the et ceteras of

Columbus Dispatch.

J. Cable of East Town st., had a remarkable experience with a rat last evening. He was hunting rodents and stopping up ratholes in the rear of his store about 5 o'clock.

One of the pests which he had been chasing studdenly disensered.

Description of the pests which he had been chasing studdenly disensered. ddenly disappeared.

into requisition.

Finally, a boy came in, and Mr. Cable's clothes being loosened, the lad grabbed the creature by the tail and threw it upon the floor, killing it. Mr. Cable says he does not want to hunt any mere rats. KITTY ON A PULLMAN TRUCK

How a Wise Cat Reached Boston-

Hen Hawk and Locomotive Collide. Professional tramps tell about their "blind ack" passages from place to place, and the circumstances attract only little attention. but when a poor, forlorn cat emulates then example he immediately assumes an ele That fact was amply illustrated by the

the truck of a New York, New Haven & Hartford railway coach yesterday after

Hartford railway coach yesterday afternoon.

Upon the arrival at Bridgeport of the express train leaving New York at noon, the
car inspector, during the examination of
the trucks, came across a handsome white
and gray cat. Although travel stains in the
shape of dust and cinders bore evidence to
the fact that he had journeyed far in his
portion, he purred merrily and refused to
be removed from the scollop beam of drawing-room car truck 227, upon which he was
proudly perched.

The attention of J. C. Brockley, Jr., con
ductor of the car, was called to the queer
sixht, and he, together with a number of
the passengers, endeavored to remove the
knight of the road from his perileus position at New Haven and other stopping
places. Their efforts were met with a
shifting of position and other manifestations of a desire to be let alone on the part
of Tabby, who journeyed thus to Boston.

Upon the arrival of the train a number of
the passengers offered a money consideration for him which was refused by Con-Upon the arrival of the train a number of the passengers offered a money consideration for him, which was refused by Conductor Blockley, to whom he became a willing captive when the train rolled into the New England depot.

He was made presentable after his long ride and during the evening was the centre of attraction in the conductors' room.

He weighs about 15 pounds and is apparently as contented as possible in his new quarters and appears to enjoy the attention bestowed upon himself. "Railroad Tom" is the name settled upon for him, and today he will be exhibited, in the station, in a cage fittingly bedecked and labelled.

This incident recalls a somewhat similar one recently related by the engineer of the cast-bound Washington express over the Central Massachusetts division of the Boston & Lowell system.

The train was dashing along at a rate of about \$40 miles an hour, and when near the Bernardstown station the engineers aw a bird of some sort come in collision with the forward end of the engine.

When the engine came to a standstill in the Bosten station he made an examination and was amazed to find that the glass of the headlight had been shattered, and that a henhawk lay dead inside.

Wore a Shirt of Greenbacks.

But high-priced boarding-houses and hotels there is a commonplaceness, if not positive vulgarity, that the poorest private house and are going to be married?

But high-priced boarding-houses if not positive vulgarity, that the poorest private house and are going to be married?

But high-priced boarding-house such and state house and are going to be married?

But high-priced boarding-house is vulgarity, that the poorest private house and are going to be married?

But high-priced boarding-house is vulgarity, that the poorest private house and are going to be married?

But high-priced boarding-house will an escape.

But high-priced boarding-house mild there is a common dan escape.

But high-priced boarding-house will be the last repack and Margaret—we will all the fargraret—have not money enough t

Wore a Shirt of Greenbacks.

(Chicago Herald.)

Edward Treusch, an eccentric old Hebrew

family hearth-stone in, it is a dismal failure.

Never mind the wedding tour, it is going out of fashion, and was always out of place. If ever there is a time when one does not want to be tramping or travelling from Dan to Beersheba in evidence from morn till dewy eve it is during one's honeymoon.

Jack and Margaret can give out that they are going to Heligoland if they like; but let it be straight and their own rooftree, and if there have been only sheeks enough to furnish one room under it, that is all they would have at a boarding house for any price within their means. As time goes on they can add to their household gods wisely and well, remembering it is for all time, and not till the "dining-room changes hands" or until the "house is sold" (boarders and all) that they are establishing themselves.

Things will not always go smoothly, they

[New York Sun.]
A swarm of bees created a block in a curious manner on the Perkiomen railroad the other day. A freighttrain running between who, for the sake of her figure, still clings north from here. A swarm of bees from a the old "tie back." Whereas once skirts neighboring farmhouse had taken refuge in | were in sole possession of "steels," a change

HIS TURTLE KNEW HIM. Mr. Brobaska Renews His Relations With a Former Pet. [Cour d'Alene City Times.] J. H. Brobaska, the well-known ex-con-

Some time last summer, while strolling about Cour d'Alene's suburbs, he came across two small turtles, lively little fellows of the water mades.

call her Margatet—nave not money colours to furnish a house and are going to be married?

Pock, you know, says don't, but then Puck is an iconcelast, and this isn't a dissertation on marrying, but a bit of a chat on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to get the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to give the most comfort at the least on how to go one and the least resort to give the most comfort at the least on the most comfort at the least on the least on the least on the least of the angle of the least of the angle of the least of the angle of the least on the least on the least on the least of the least on the least on the least of the least on the least of the least on the least on the least of the least on the least on the least on the least of the least on the least of the least on the least on the least of the least on the least on the least of the least on the least on the least on the least of the least on the

Air castles? Well, it seems almost as fair, but the se are facts, not so common as they are bound to be in the next decade, because the possibilities are still so little comprehended.

Generally.

It seemed but yesterday that every one

Yellow Jackets at Camp Meeting.

[Washington Star.]
Some idea may be formed of the enor-

EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



one-sided affairs, but based on a knowledge history, and a disposition to do it justice a book which will realize that the early history of this won-derful country is not limited to a narrow strip on the Atlanti seaboard, but that it began in the great southwest; and that before the oldest of the Pilgrim fathers had been born swarty

Spanish heroes were colonizing what

now the United States, in their little con ner of which they suffered for 350 years such awful dangers and hardships as our Saxon forefathers did not dream of. I hope to see such a history, which will do justice to perhaps the most wonderful pioneers the world has ever produced; but it has not come yet. Why, there is not even one history which gives the correct date of the founding of Santa Fe, which was a Spanish city more than a decade before the landing at Plymouth Rock.

When that ideal history is written you will find thrilling matter in the story of New Mexico for more than three centuries, and particularly in the bloody years from 1680 to 1790. The Pueblo Indians—those geatle, industrious house-dwellers who remain with us to this day, the most wonderful aboriginal race on earth—had received the white strangers hospitably, had been their friends against the savage tribes, and patiently had shouldered their growing oppressions for a century and a half. But in 1880 the work and the went to hide there till another night. and particularly in the bloody years from patiently had shouldered their growing opposessions for a century and a half. But in 1680 they rose in red rebellion and swept the mailed invaders away before them. Ah, what years those were—of whose lightming flashes of revolt, followed by sullen peace, and then another thunder clap, the great outside world has never half known; of whose most hideous tragedies, of whose sublimest heroisms, we have record only in here and there a bare, unbraggart line, scant as the rude cross which marks the last of a great life.

After the long and wonderful war—wonderful not for numbers of men and oceans of spilt blood, but for the achievements of a tiny army—in which Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan reconquered the awful wilderness of New Mexico, the hardy Spanish settlers enjoyed nearly two years of peace, Their quaint little colony at Santa Fe, with the river with cottonwoods very thick on it, and he went to hide there till another night.

Now, by the grace of God, on that very inght.

Now, by the grace of God, on that very great hunt, and already before the sun had come the sentinels were going to all the high places to watch for game, and one was on the top of the mesa just below that island. When it grew more day he saw something black moving among the cotton-woods, and thought 'good luck! For already I see a bear' but in truth it was the paure getting a drink.

"The sentinel made his hunt-signal, and in a very little all the hunters were around the island. When they found it was no bear, but the paure from Cochiti, they were astonished, but he told them all that had happened.

"Then at once the principales held council on the island; and when all had spoken they said, 'wee will save him and moccasins of ore the luding had been they said, 'wee will save him and spoken they said, 'wee will save him and spoken they said, 'wee will save him and spoken they said, 'wee will save him the shift and calzone

Their quant little colony at Santa Fe, with its ironclad soldiers clanking through the warped streets, was beginning to feel secure. So were the heroic priests who had taken their lives in their hands and settled themselves alone in the Pueblo towns to convert the suspicious matives to Christianity. But In 1696 fresh calamities arose. Fray (priest) Antonio Farfan Dad brought 700 fanegas (about 70,000 powads) of corn for the support of the garrison and the people; but it port of the garrison and the people; but it was misappropriated—probably by Vargas immelf—and a fearful famine ensued. The tarving Spaniards ate all their domestic unimals, down to the very cats; boiled rawindes and old bones, and finally roamed the mountains like hungry beasts. Over 200 of the soant population died, and many owed their survival only to the indians, to whom they hired themselves and their families as menials.

Seeing the Spaniards so weakened, the was misappropriated-probably by Vargas was misappropriated—probably by Vargas himself—and a fearful famine ensued. The starving Spaniards ate all their domestic animals, down to the very cats: boiled raw-hides and old bones, and finally roamed the mountains like hungry beasts. Over 200 of the scant population died, and many owed their survival only to the indians, to whom they hired themselves and their families as propriets.

THE MIRACLE OF SAN FELIPE.
One of the Unwritten Legends Common to Old New Mexico.

The sacristan of Cochiti and made it up to kill the praire and drive out the Spanish. The sacristan of Cochiti was a good Christian, and when he heard this he went running by night to the convent and told the padre. I am your friend. HOPE some day to see a real history of the United States; a history not written in a closet from other



CARRYING THE PADRE ACROSS THE RIVER

less.
But presently a great shout came and Perry, followed by a party of seamen—from the flotilla anchored on the other side of the island—and dragging a six-pounder came hurrying down to the beach. The wheels sank deep into the sand, but scores of hands grassed at the ropes, and strong and willing arms pushed and pulled and presently the gun was in position and Com. presently the gun was in position and Com. Perry sighted and fired it.

"Then the Cochitenos went away for help,



brate still the anniversary of the day on which, according to their legend, he saved San Feilp.

SOME HOT BALLS.

A Story of Some Brave Boys and the Renowned Com. Perry.

BY CATHARINE B. FOOT.

T was bright and fair that 30th day of May, 1814, in lovely Newport – never more lovely than at that season and in that long ago time when it was a quiet rural town, with its lanes and quiet roads full of wild luxurance of the leaf and blossom of the leaf and blossom of the early summer.

A lot of boys were playing on the green about the old stome mill when, suddenly one stopped in the very act of throwing a ball to one of the others, and said, "What's that?" And he turned his head quickly toward the beach road and lifted his hand with a gesture for silence.

Every boy stopped yelling and a dead silence reigned for two seconds, when John Shaw, the boy who had first spoken, said:

There't here: Hear it? There's a ship gui! Come on, boys!" and every one of them tore down the beach road as fast as their legs would carry them, and that was yery fast.

As they ran others ran also—men and womea—and presently a man on horseback galloped by them, and the men and boys shouled, "It's the commodore—it's Ferry! There's a fight!" and they gave a wild him: rah as well as they could, when they were using all the break they had, and kept on running until they reached the turn, where the rank hand when age to a wild him: rah as well as they could, when they were using all the break hear heavy lay nefore them.

the flotilla had reached the beach, and John Shaw, who was standing near Com. Perry, heard him say to one, of them, "This isn't the last of it, for the poor brig is stranded—we want to try to get her off."

"What is the British brig?"

"I think it's the Nimrod, said the commodore; "she has been cruising in these waters, I learned yesterday, on the lookout for any yessel trying to get into the harbor."

"She is standing off," said the officer, and Jehn looked and saw that she was. He did not hear the commodore's answer, and presently he galloped away, after giving some directions to his men.

opened a terrible fire. Twenty men were shot down at the first broadside. Seeing but few men left on deck. Black Beard concluded that the man-of-war was completely crippled and boarded her with most of his crew. At that moment Maynard ordered up the men hidden below. They sprang on deck and flew at the pirates like tigers, taking them completely by surprise. The two captains met in a hand-to-hand conflict, and it came near going hard with Maynard when his sword broke: but just as he was about to fall beneath the corsair's descending blade he fired his pistol, and Black Beard threw up his arms, reeled and dropped to the deck dead. He cheated the gallows, and his end was more glorious than his deserts. Every one of the boarding party of 17 were killed or wounded.

Maynard in turn now boarded the pirate ship, just in time to seize a negro standing with lighted match by the magazine to blow up the ship, according to Black Beard's order, in case of defeat. The eight men remaining on board were hanged and the head of Black Beard was fixed to the end of the bowsprit of his own ship and in this manner Maynard returned with his trophy to Virginia.

While Black Beard was thus terminating

rian. 1880. Marian, widow of Hepworth Dixon, ovelist and historian.

1886. T. A. Trollope, novelist.

1887. Jessie, widow of Richard Jeffries. O. Lady Wilde, novelist and general

A Queer Mineral That Serves Not a Few Vegetable Uses.

and yet is always kept clean." said a chemist. handing to the reporter at the same time what appeared to the eye and touch to piece of coarse cotton towelling. "What sort of laundry do you send it to?"

was the natural inquiry.

"This kind," replied the man of science, going over to the corner of his laboratory and stuffing the towel into a small stove that was burning brightly there for chemical purposes.

in these days?"

'Oh, ves. it is employed for roofling material, boiler fetting, paper stock, and in the mixing of fire-proof paints for stage scenery. Also clothes or firemen and gloves to handle red-hot iron with are made of it. Sometimes the mineral is found in thin sheets of interlaced fibres, known as 'mountain leather.' Elsewhere it is not infrequently procured in thick sheets, and in that condition is called 'mountain cork.'"

(Springfield Graphic.) I don't see why you are so pleased that she Jessie-I'm pleased because I know they make her life miserable. wears such small shoes. A Popular Error.

[Springfield Graphic.] "Gemmens thinks we porters make a heap ob money, but we don't." complained a sable attendant on a Pullman car. "Is that so?" replied the passenger.
"Yes, sah. I's only made \$14 today, sah."

closed by the the store referred to by Sir Lepel
G. Chim, indeed, described one which he saw in Persia, engraved with the name of Sheik Sepin, which must have been quite as big, though he does not give its weight; and the store of the same of the

she had was burning brightly there for chemical purposes.

"I understand," said the visitor, "you never use such a towle more than once," "You are very much mistaken there," responded the chemist. "I use such towled the chemist. "I use such towled again and took out the towle with the analysis of the said of the store again and took out the towle with the analysis of high said of the stuff of which this towel is woren to be of a vergetable nature. They used to the said of the same flax-like substance in order to keep it a said for him to hand and elsewhere. It is a form of a very hard rock called hornbende, and ily divisible into sliky strands resembling has. This likeness has given it the name of each of the said of

Effect of Lightnin, Upon Trees. (Annales Industrielles,)

It is a well-known fact that the oak is very often struck by lightning, but it is not entered a Michigan av. drug store the other so well known that the beech is but very rarely struck.

From the standpoint of atmospheric elec-

ricity, the degree of danger attending the taking of sheller under a tree during a storm depends upon the height of the tree, the greater or less conductivity given it by its more or less abundant sap, and the degree of electric tension that may accumulate the state of the taken the state of the taken the tree of the taken the tree of the taken hate in it. Mr. Werckert of Bischofsheim, Alsace

A WONDERFUL RUBY.

Weighs 300 Carats---Found in the Burmese Mines.

Believed to Be the Largest Specimen of Its Kind Ever Discovered.

Some of the Stones That Have Adorned Royal Diadems in Europe.

(Querous pedunculata?) are entirely smooth. those of the beech (Fagus sylvatica) are villous. Placed upon a glass plate electric machine, the branches of the beech, owing to the innumerable points that they possess, dissipate the electricity so well that but half the tension can be obtained that we reach when the branches of the beech are replaced by those of the oak.

It has likewise teen remarked that a beech leaf placed upon a conductor charged with electricity dissipates the charge much more rapidly than an oak leaf does.

These experiments prove that the nature of the leaves has a great influence upon the danger that different trees present as objects of shelter, and that villous leaves, like those of the beech apment to prevent the accumulation of electricity, while, on the contrary, they favor the slow neutralization of the fluid through the action of the innumerable small points with which they are provided.

Wore a Shirt of Greenbacks.

[Chicago Herald.]

Edward Treusch, an eccentric old Hebrew street vender of pocketbooks, jackknives, hewing gum and divers small trinkets,

chewing gum and divers small trinkets, dropped dead of heart disease yesterday morning. This sudden event brought to light the fact that, although Treusch always had the appearance of poverty and of finding it a hard struggle to make both ends meet, he was in reality quite well to do. He had big rolls of money.

When the body was taken by the police to Klaner's morgue on Monroe st., and the clothing searched, it was discovered that he had \$4000 in United States bills sewed in the folds of a wonderful shirt which he wore. This shirt was of flannel and was made double about the chest and sides. Inside the two folds the old pedler had long carried his carefully concealed wealth.

The bills were of various denominations, ranging from \$1 to \$100. ranging from \$1 to \$100.

> Better Than a String. [Detroit Free Press.]

day. 'Well, what is it?"
"I didn't tie a string around my finger, but I guess I can get around to it all the same. What's the name of the lake below

but I guess I can get around the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the bay which the loats run to?"

"Put-in-Bay."

"Correct. Now, then, who put in there?"

"Perry."

"Straight as a string. I want 10 cents! "Straight as a string. I want 10 cents' worth of perygoric. My old woman said I'd be sure to forget it, but here's the proof that I didn't." DO

Aon SUBSCRIBE

TO A MAGAZINE,

that 30th day of May, 1814, in lovely New- port — never more lovely than at that	northeast, and he turned and looked and so did all the people. John looked, too, and in another moment came a great cry, in which he beard his own voice, of "The gunboats!"	descending blade he fired his pistol, and Black Beard threw up his arms, reeled and dropped to the deck dead. He cheated the gallows, and his end was more glorious than	Believed to Be the Largest Specimen of Its Kind Ever Discovered.	These experiments prove that the nature of the leaves has a great influence upon the danger that different trees present as objects of shelter, and that villous leaves, like those of the beech appear to prevent the accumu-	a Mookly Story
season and in that long ago time when	Com. Perry had sent round two gunboats through the "Stone Bridge," and for some reason John never knew they were behind	his deserts. Every one of the boarding party of 17 were killed or wounded. Maynard in turn now boarded the pirate ship, just in time to seize a negro standing	Some of the Stones That Have Adorned	lation of electricity, while, on the contrary, they favor the slow neuralization of the fluid through the action of the innumerable	-or-
town, with its lanes	time. They began to fire on the Nimrod as soon as they were in sight of her, and soon weighed anchor and stood out to sea. In	with lighted match by the magazine to blow up the ship, according to Black Beard's order, in case of defeat. The eight men re-	Royal Diadems in Europe.	small points with which they are provided.	News Journal?
of wild luxurance of the leaf and blossom	the meantime the seamen and crew and many of the men from Newport went out 'n boats and put out the fire on the brig, and as	maining on board were hanged and the head of Black Beard was fixed to the end of the bowsprit of his own ship and in this	[London Standard.]	FAVORITE OLD SONGS.	-if you bo-
of the early summer. A lot of boys were playing on the green	soon as the gunboats came back—which was very soon, as they only wished to drive the Nimrod away—all hands set to work to get the vessel off and got her into the harbor.	manner Maynard returned with his trophy to Virginia. While Black Beard was thus terminating	The largest ruby ever found is one weighing 300 carats, that has been discovered in	Old Melodies and Their Pleasant Associations—Whence Came "The Old	It Will Pay You Handsomely
about the old stone mill when, suddenly one stopped in the	and at the next floodtide she floated and was brought up to the wharf. The boys who had captured the balls	his wild career, his former comrade Steed Bonnet, carried matters with such a high hand on the coast of South Carolina that	the mines of Burmah. Unfortunately, a ruby requires to have other merits besides weight, and the latest	Oaken Bucket" and "Life on the Ocean Wave."	TO READ @
very act of throwing a ball to one of the others, and said, "What's that?" And he turned his head quickly toward the beach	lugged them home with great triumph, and for years after they were shown to their	Gov. Johnson fitted out an expedition against that corsair. It was commanded by Capt. William Rhett, member of a fam-	Burmah find is admitted by its best friend not to possess the value which can be as-	[New York Times.] In a small and old-fashioned, but cosy	The Following Offers:
road and lifted his hand with a gesture for silence.	trophies. The little boy who had shown such bravery in catching the balls was sent for, a few days after, by Com. Perry, and	ily that has since become noted. The ships met near Cape Fear river and a desperate conflict ensued. The pirates were over-	sessed in current coin of the realm. How- ever, it is the embodiment of hope, and the gem hunting is even more of a fight with	chophouse, way down town two veritable Bohemians sat the other afternoon, and over their pipes and ale exchanged recollec-	You can Secure your Favor- ite Magazine, or Weekly Story,
Every boy stopped yelling and a dead silence reigned for two seconds, when John	he asked him if he would like to be a mid-	with 29 of his men. were taken alive and carried to Charleston. They received a	fortune than gold working; there is no reason for doubting that at any moment the	tions. Their talk after awhile touched upon old familiar songs, many of which pos-	or News Journal, in connection with The Weekly Globe, at a
Shaw, the boy who had first spoken, said: "There! there! Hear it? There's a ship gun! Come on, boys!" and every one of	Perry gave him an appointment. He died quite young of vellow fever in some foreign port. In after years no story	summary trial and all but a lew were hanged. It must have been a pretty solemn spectacle.	waiting men, to whom all things are said to come, like Marlowe's Moore, will pick out of "the Eastern rocks" the precious gems as	tions,	Price, for Both, that will Re-
them tore down the beach road as fast as their legs would carry them, and that was	balls" on Newport beach, and for many	One would think that the example would have served as a warning to all other sea rovers to steer clear of Charleston for a		said one of the Bohemians. "that song had its birth up here in Duane st in 1817.	duce the Cost of The Weekly Globe to 50 cents or less a Year.
As they ran others ran also-men and women-and presently a man on horseback	years a cannon ball lay on either side of an old-fashioned chimney just within the jambs, and little feet pushed them about	aroused they are likely to prove danger- ous. But Capt. Worley, who, you remem-	to treat favorite visitors with the sight of	Samuel Woodworth. a gifted but erratic printer, was living there at the time. One hot summer's day he went into his house	The Postage is Paid by The Globe and costs you Nothing.
galloped by them, and the men and boys shouted, 'It's the commodore—it's Perry!	and little people wished that they, too, had lived in such delightful times. But the white-haired old man would say: "These	reasoned that after such an effort the peo-	his mines. He permitted them to dip their arms into the vessels, but his thrifty	and drank a glass of water, remarking That tastes good, but how I wish that I could	
There's a fight!" and they gave a wild hurrah as well as they could, when they were using all the breath they had, and kept on	are better times, when we are all at peace." And so say we all of us.	mounting six guns. Capt. Worley therefore ventured to enter the bay and lay his ships before Charleston. It was a daring feat,		drink just at this minute from the old oaken bucket on my father's farm.' Woodworth's wife remarked sympathetically,	you Wish and you cannot Find
running until they reached the turn, where the beach and harbor lay before them.	BLACK BEARD THE ROVER. Career and Fall of the Celebrated	and even mariners so skilful as pirates may repeat it once too often, as this brave cor- sair found to his cost. For Gov. Johnson.	the king or stolen in the confusion attending his dethronement, and as they have	'What a poem could be written on that thought!' The printer pendered for a	on This List, please Write to The Weekly Globe for its Com-
Com. Perry checked his horse a moment, and then galloped back the way he had come, shouting to some one, "I'm coming	Pirate of the Carolinas. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.	then ruler of South Carolina, proved to be a man of determination and spirit. A large armed ship lay in port, with a crew of hardy	still to be disposed of the dealers are making their calculations accordingly. And into the market they must eventually come. Nothing in the world is so indestructible	minute, and sitting down at the nearest table began to write. Soon the touching verses, beginning. How dear to this heart	bination Price.
back." There were two vessels in sight; one was	New Providence in the Bahamas is one of the fairest isles of the Atjantic. Its	tars. The governor called for volunteers to reinforce them, and being a bit of sailor himself, went on board himself to com-	as a precious stone. Time scarcely affects its surface, and its size is so insignificant that without trouble it may be concealed and	are the scenes of my childhood,' were written. Soon afterward the words were	No publication will be sent for less time than one year, and no order for a publication will be
evidently in distress and the other as evidently pursuing. "It's a British vessel—it's a brig—she's try-	shores are fringed with groves of cocoa, and its harbor is protected from all winds by the low keys that serve as a breakwater. Early	mand the attack. Worley was not the man to dowse his color nor to fly. Whatever else may be said of	carried about, and even swallowed on an emergency. Unlike gold and silver, it is never worn away, or converted into currency,	coupled with a melody composed by Kiall- mark for 'Araby's Daughter,' and were sung far and wide."	accepted unless it includes a yearly subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE.
ing to capture the other one! What's her name? Where's she from? Is the one she's	in the last century the island belonged to several English noblemen, who had re-	him. he was bold as a lion and awaited the enemy, although superior to him in force, without flinching. After exchanging shots	or beatem into the semblance of things in heaven or upon earth. Thus, a first-class ruby or diamond is about the nearest repre-	"'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' is another famous song, based on a local incident."	Price We Price
after one of our vessels? Hang the old red- coats!" were a few of the exclamations. A dignified old gentleman just then drove	ceived it as a grant from the crown, and es- tablished a flourishing colony there. By the peace of Utrecht the European powers	the ships grappled. As the Governor and his men swarmed over the sides of the pirate ship no quarter was given nor asked. Many of the boarding party fell and all of the	sentative of an unchangable object that it is possible to find in a world where, to borrow the words of Pliny, nothing is certain,		a 7
up in his sulky, and took up a spyglass and got out, that he might use it to better ad-	had agreed to exterminate the bucanneers, those posts of the West Indies, and every-	pirates were slain except Worley and one of his men. But they were desperately wounded, and lest they should die before	except that everything is uncertain. There is really no reason for doubting that seme of the rubles in the shop windows	here in 1834. When he was a boy his home was on a farm not far from Bloomingdale.	Atlanta Constitution, Weekly 1.00 1.80
	thing looked serene at New Providence, when a strange fleet flying the black flag with bloody skull and bones, was seen	the justice of the law could execute the last penalty on them they were at once hanged at the yard arm. Thus ended the remarka-	of Regent st. may be the identical stones which flashed in the tiaras of queens 1000 years ago or imparted glory to the diadens	He was wont to play there under an old tree planted by his grandfather. Many years after he had left the farm and the property had passed out of the hands of his family	Agents' Herald
name quite distinctly, but she's a foreigner.	entering the port. It proved to be the	ble career of the corsairs of the Carolinas. LITERARY PENSIONERS.	I "worth a hundred ducats," which, as "the	he happened in that neighborhood one day and saw a man about to cut down the old familiar tree. He begged the man to desist	Andover Review
brig beyond. I know by her looks—confound her, they're lowering boats!" Every one ran to the beach, and it was then plain that the foreign vessel was	great ability and most desperate character, who had just entered upon an independent career of adventure and blood on the high		Bayard won at the tourney of Carigura. Or, it is quite open to believe that among	and received the gruff response that the tree would bring \$10 for firewood. He gave the man the money and took a bend for the safe	American Foultry Journal 1.00 1.60 Atlantic Monthly 400 4.30
ashore, and the beats from the other ship were pulling toward her. The vessels new signals of distress and the people on shore	seas. Teach was first engaged in trade with Ja-	for Brain Workers. [Woman's Cycle.]	ican millionnaire has converted part of his	protection of the tree. Soon afterward he wrote the noted song, which was set to	American Art Journal 3.00 3.80
fairly howled with rage, to see, as they thought, the vessel taken by the enemy before their very eyes, while they were help-	maica. But when his ventures turned out unsuccessfully he decided, as so many did in those days, to try his fortunes in piracy.	They are far ahead—the English—of us bragging barbarians of the United States, since they do give pensions to some of the	scuttes," which Henry VII. offered to the knight who "uisted best in the justvs roial." 400 years ago. The gold has long	"You have heard how 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' came to be written, I suppose." queried the first speaker, as he	Art Amateur
less. But presently a great shout came and Perry, followed by a party of seamen—from	He soon contrived to seize a large ship whose decks he mounted with 40 guns. His prom-	brain workers who have given their heads, instead of alone to soldiers who gave their	since vanished, but the stone is everlasting. What has become of the sparkling gems which the conquerors of the world hoarded	moistened his lips from his ale mug. 'No?' Well it was this way. I pes Sargent was walking along the edge of the Battery one	Book Buyer 1.90 1.90 Banner Weekly 3.00 3.37
the flotilla anchored on the other side of the island-and dragging a six-rounder came hurrying down to the beach. The	ruffians under his command. Ship after	bodies to their country. Among the grants to novelists and their widows and their children are:	all have perished in fire, or lie buried in the ruins of great cities. They who, according	bright morning when the numerous craft, dancing on the glistening water, brought to his mind a suggestion made to him some	Burlinglon Hawkeye
and willing arms pushed and pulled and	their crews made to walk the blank. But he saved the five best of these ships. When	1833. Sidney, Lady Morgan, £300. 1839. Mary Banim, daughter of John	orum." "rayled in the roofs with rubyes	time before by his triend Henry Russell, that he write a marine soug. He wrote the words of 'A Life on the Ocean Ways,' and showed them to	Bee-keeper's Magazine .25 1.25 Babyland .50 1.45 Boston Pilot 2.50 3.00
presently the gun was in position and Com. Perry sighted and fired it.	he had a fleet of six vessels he felt the need of a port of his own, where he could refit and store the spoil. New Providence lay	Banimenovelist. 1845. Jane Hood, widow of Thomas Hood, novelist and poet.	houses of Europe, or have been disinterred amid the sands of Africa on the sites of	George P. Morris, who remarked	Boston Medical Journal
1/11/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1	near the track of ships bound to the West Indies, and hither this new freebooter now	1846. Ellen Mary Banim, widow of John Banim, novelist. 1847. Leigh Hunt, novelist and poet.	that it does not do to place too much de- pendence on the stories of mediæval trav-	Russell met Sargent and asked him for the verses. Taking them to a music store at Broadway and Park pl., Russell went into a	Unitic Literary Reviews 3.00 3.50
	steered. The colony of New Providence was too feeble to offer fit resistance, and Teach.	Thomas Hood and Francis Hood, children of Thomas Hood, novelist and poet. 1848. J. S. Knowles, dramatist and novel-	Yule is no longer here to defend him, may be doubted when he tells us how in Ceylon	inttle back room, seated himself at a piano and in a few minutes composed the air of the famous song. Sargent never received a	Congregationalist
	without so much as saying "by your leave," at once proceeded to take possession and	1850. Bessy Moore, widow of Thomas Moore, novelist 1851. John Poole, novelist and gramatist.	the great Khan offered a city in exchange for it. Yet a host of other writers of a sub-	"Ben Bolt, you remember, was a noted	Christian Union
	make that an ambush from which his cruisers could spring forth and waylay the merchant ships. There he held high car-	1856. Samuel Lever, novelist. Mary Anne a Becket. widow of Gilbert a Becket novelist	the gem. Friar Jordanus describes one in this sovereign's possession so large that	song along about 1850," continued the first Bohemian. The original words of that song were written in 1842 by Dr. Thomas	Cassell's Magazine of Art 3.50 3.90
	nival; there many a bloody deed was wrought, and the ribald revelry of many a	1858. Widow of Douglas Jerrold, novelist. Figured Atherstone, novelist and poet.	finger's breadth at either side, and Andrea	Dunn English of Philadelphia, while on a visit to New York, and sent as a gratuitous contribution to a magazine edited by his friend N. P. Willis, Some years after-	" Quiver
	foul orgie profaned the midnight stillness of that summer isle. Teach, from all accounts, was in appear-	1861. Julia, daughter of Leigh Hunt, nov- elist and poet. Mary Anne, daughter of Douglas Jerrold,	the Cinghalese sovereign's palace. Ibn Batutah, that earliest and most entertaining	his friend N.F. Willis, Some years after- ward the verses were repeated from mem- ory to Nelson Kneass, a New York Bohe- mian, who set them to music, adapting an	Chautauqua Young Folks Journal. 1.00 2.00 Chautauqua Young Folks Journal. 1.00 2.00
	ance exactly what the pirates of romance should be, of a grim and most terrible as- pect. He was heavily built, his shoulders	novelist and poet. 1862. Emma Robinson, novelist. Lietch Ritchie, novelist.	shown in the house of Arya Chakravasti, a Tamil chief ruling at Pathan, "a ruby bowl	old German song. The instantaneous success of 'Ben Bolt' made it a source of great profit to its publishers, but Kheass died in	Decorator and Furnisher
11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	were broad, and his muscles like iron. His complexion was tawny, his eyebrows black and bushy, and beneath them his eyes	1864. Eliza Cook, novelist and poet.	to times more tangible, one the size of a pigeon's egg was owned by the ex-king of	poverty complaining that he only received a triffe for his work. So far as is known the writer of the original verses got nothing."	Detroit Free Press (Weekly) 1.00 1.90
	shone with a glare that froze one to the marrow. But the most remarkable feature of this sea ruifian was his beard, it was of raven blackness and grew to his waist.	Emma, widow of J. S. Knowles, novelist and poet. Dina Muloch, novelist. William Howitt, novelist and historian.	cated, might, in size alone, run pretty clo ely to the stone referred to by Sir Lepel Griffin.	But few writers of popular songs ever made any money out of them." or acularly remarked the second Bohemian. "There's	Engineering and Mining Journal 4.00 4.10
	When he was going into battle or preparing to toss a score of trembling wretches from the yardarm he had the habit of twisting	William Howitt, novelist and distorian. 1868. Mrs. Oliphant, novelist. Anna Maria Hall, novelist. William Harrison Ainsworth, novelist.	Chardin, indeed, described one which he saw in Persia, engraved with the name of Sheik Sephi, which must have been quite	New York boy, who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home,' while starving in an attic in Paris.	Fireside Companion
	his beard into braids. Indeed, he took a special pride in this hairy ornament, and by it acquired the notorious name of Black	1869. Jane, widow of William Carleton, novelist. 1870. R. W. Buchanan, novelist and poet.	as big, though he does not give its weight: and Tavernier, an old traveller and dealer in such goods, gives a drawing of another, without creak or blamish which weighed	the Maid of Milan.' Payne never got anything for it, and later in his life he wrete to	Forney's Progress
"THE COMMODORE SIGHTED AND FIRED."	Beard. This piratical admiral always carried a cutlass at his side, and over his shoulders were a peculiar belt contrived by him-	1872. Helen, widow of Mark Lemon, novelist. 1874. Geraldine Jewsbury, novelist.	without crack or blemish, which weighed 175 carats and is no doubt, still cherished by the Shah. The largest ever seen in Europe was presented by Gustavus III. of	in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons	" Sunday Magazine (M'y) 2.50 3.10 " Popular Monthly 3.00 3.50
	self, in which no less than six of the huge pistols of that day were suspended. This was evidently a pirate of uncommon mag-	R. H. Horne, novelist and poet. 1875. Bessie, widow of Sir Arthur Helps, novelist.	Sweden to the Czarina. It is of the bulk of a hen's egg and of fine color, exceeding even in size the uncut gen which on his	Sweet Home." without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head."	" Pleasant Hours (M'y). 1.75 2.50 Forest and Stream 4.00 4.10 Germantown Telegraph 2.00 2.30
alarmed and had stopped rowing. "We'll stop them yet, my boys," cried Perry, in his clear, ringing voice, "I can	nitude, and his deeds showed that he was as fierce and daring as he looked. But after a time the oft-repeated out-	Frances, widow of Charles Kingsley, novelist, 1870. Emily Margaret, widow of Shirley	last visit to William III., Peter the Great pushed into the king's hand, wrapped in a bit of brown paper. There used to be an-	"True. Payne's case was a pathetic one." assented Bohemian No. 1, motioning the bartender to again again fill the mugs, "but	Green's Fruit Recorder
always trust my Newport boys." And the crowd cheered and cried, "Yes, yes, you can trust the Newport boys!"	that the West India merchants appealed for aid to the English government. A powerful	Brooks, novelist. Catharine, widow of Michael Banim, novelist.	other fine one among the French crown jewels, as an adornment of the insignia of the Golden Fleece, as it was cut into the	there have been instances where song writers made a great deal of money and did not know how to keep it. Take the experi-	Golden Days (for young people) 3.00 3.35
ship. By that time several of the officers of	him to resist with any hope of success, and the pirate prince of the Bahamas, the self-	1877, Mary Ann Defoe, Jane Amelia Defoe and Sarah Frances Defoe, descend- ants of Daniel Defoe, novelist.	form of a dragon, it was preserved as a triumph of art when the republic disposed of most of its fellow gauds by	ence of Stephen Collins Foster for example. He produced 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old Uncle	Harper's Magazine
Shaw, who was standing near Com. Perry,	appointed governor of New Providence, John Teach, otherwise Black Beard, wisely decided to put up his helm and run for a safer port	rian.	which any accurate knowledge has been	which he received large sums of money. It	Harper's Young People 2.00 2.50
we want to try to get her off." "What is the British brig?" "I think it's the Nimrod, said the commo-	Safer port. We next hear of Black Beard on the coast of the Carolinas. A rendezvous was made in the night at Cape Fear. And this hold des-	novelist and historian	into the image of a Buddha, and purchased on the return of the expedition by "the	18 months. Foster was a reckless, happy-go-lucky fellow. Some of his most famous	Herald of Health, without premiums 1.00 1.75 Home and Farm

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1.65 2.55 1.95 3.55 1.55 2.60

3.30 5.10 3.75 3.60 2.20

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BOSTON, MASS.

went off with that feeling of strength that success brings.

Not a day passed without a skirmish and the superior arms and discipl ne enabled Ralph to virtually annihilate Beatty's men in detachments.

These fights kept the command below 200 men, although it was constantly being added to.

Rumors of a large Confederate force in Theorems and manual ports to wards Ken

Rumors of a large Confederate force in Tennessee and moving north towards Kentucky were constantly coming in through scouts, and Ralph was seriously thinking of starting off in light order and getting into the advace of this force, when Hank Carter came back from a scout in the direction of Knoxville.

The brave fellow was unusually excited. He brought the news of the near approach of a large force of gray clad cavalrymen, and he said in conclusion:

"They've come to find we uns; shuah's death!"

"How many are there!" asked the cap.

tain.
"Oh. a mighty lot."

"A thousand?"
"Meibe so."
"Have they more men than we have?"
"Wa'al, jest 'bout as many I should think."
"Then there are not more than 200. Let them come," said the captain, glad at heart that he had a chance to do more serious

Fresh men were sent out to scout in the Fresh men were sent out to scout in the advance of the approaching force. Then he strengthened the rifle pits about his camp, placed the horses and mules in the huts and church and the women and children in a sheltered hollow below the church.

The mountaineers thought this precaution betokened weakness in their commander, for they were wildly eager to go out and meet the enemy before he ascended the plateau at that point, and it was only their supreme confidence in the wisdom and valor of their young leader that reconciled them to his orders.

By dark all the scouts were back.

The Confederates had ascended the plateau and were only a few miles away.

The full moon rose grandly up into the clearest of skies, and from the east the notes of a bugle, calling a halt, rang through the hills.

hills.

There was no light in or about the Union camp; the men were not even permitted to

camp; the men were not even permitted to smoke.

Out beyond his rifle pits and stockade the captain three a circle of pickets, with instructions to watch and listen for the coming of the fee, and to fall back after signalling his approach.

An awful stillness came over the camp, but except the children in the depression behind the church no one was asieen.

The moon was sinking out of sight in the west when the pickets to the east discharged their rifles and fell back.

The pickets at the other points held their posts.

posts.
The wind soughed through the pines. The

bravest heard the beating of his own heart; then a bugle blast rang out, and a wild, thr:ling yell followed it from the surround-ing forest.

A TRUCE TO BURY THE DEAD.

FRIENDS AND FORMAL.

Story of the Civil War in the Border States.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[COPPLIENT, 1997]

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRIENDS AND FORMAL.

The understand the men who had long the properties of the proper

The two friends shook hands again and each went his way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

But Gore retreated up through the mountains, and Ralph Stanley followed, as fully determined to capture or destroy the enemy as if he ad never known the man who commanded them.

Near the Kentucky Ine Raiph met one of company of the 2d Union hast Temassese in Cavalry and one company of the 7th Fennsylvania Cavalry, who had been ordered to report to him and convey through 20 waxons laden with arms and supplies.

Ten days after this a scout came through from Nashville bringing hum a colonel's commission from the military governor of the State, and congratulating him on its wonceful success in the mountains.

Col. Heim's exploits soon became known all over the country. He broke up the guerilla bands in the mountains, and loose day the collection of the State, and congratulating him on the spring of 1865.

The young colonel was tireless and biomed Kosecrans in the pursuit of Bragii in the spring of 1865.

The young colonel was tireless and in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the straight of the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the straight of the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the straight of the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being made him now; he had a personal motive in the contest that for the time being m

for him.
Rosecrans, a splendid soldier despite his temporary fits of indecision, was quick to recognize the daring and intellect of Col.

Bert Gore had with him guides who knew Zion as well as old Carter and his son, and flenced by the belief that the Union men were without discussion. Was a the darkness before a persistent ones.

He was himself far too good a solder to risk everything on one blow. He sent in less than half his force with orders to assault one point while the rest of his men kept us after from every boint.

Raph saw through this plan almost as seon as the every boint.

Raph saw through this plan almost as seon as the securior began. He ran from point to point, warned his men to bold their fire till sure that every show word tell, and then took a position near the angle on whit in the enemy was concentrating his assault.

Out of the gloom althouette fixures were evolved. The biasing of their rises here and there it to their fire tall sure that every show word tell, and then took a position pear the angle on whit in the enemy was concentrating his assault.

Out of the gloom althouette fixures were evolved. The biasing of their rises here and there it to their fire tall sure that every show with the enemy was concentrating his assault.

Out of the gloom althouette fixures were fixed by the person of the rise here and there it to their fire tall sure that every show with the enemy was concentrating his assault.

Out of the gloom althouette fixures were fixed by the person of the fixures were fixed by the person of the fixures were fixed by the person of the fixures were less than one handred feet away, the captain shouled the order:

"Fire!"

The fact that not a man fired, though all were much excited, till he heard this command, speaks well for the discipline of the little force.

The state of the s

to the study of his map, and the colonel, ac-companied by a handsome young staff offi-cer who was destined to fall on the morrow.

the study of his map, and the colonel, accompanied by a handsome young staff officer who was destined to fall on the morrow, recomed his command.

About 10 o'clock the dismounted Rifles were led through the woods and down the hill towards the Chicamaugs, where Wood's gallant chioans were resting on their arms. The glare of an occasional torch beyond the river marked the position of the enemy and the rumbling of distant wheels and the hoarse murmur of voices to! that preparation for the bloody work of the merrow was going on in the Confederate camps. It was near midnight when the colonel's was near midnight when the colonel's without bringing on a night fight.

The men not on picket lay down on the ground and went to sleep The river moaked between the lines and the owis called to each other from the trees, as if indicated the cause of these preparations, and why so many men had come to break the was very cold night for mid-September in that latitude. The next morning showed a white frost on the lireby residence of their solitude.

It was a very cold night for mid-September in that latitude. The next morning showed a white frost on the lireby residence of their solitude.

It was a very cold night for mid-September in that latitude. The next morning showed a white frost on the lireby resident of the core and fround for protection and see to it that the men use their ammunition carefully." This was the order that cane down from Gen. Wood, when with crash and roar the prolude to the awill opera of death began.

The sun was over Taylor's ridge. The sun was over the ridge of the proposition of the

The state of the s

nnon. He saw these things like one sees in a he saw these things like one sees in a dream, and, sick and dizzy, he was about to lie down again, when he was startled by shrill cries all about him, and then a roaring sound, such as he had never heard in battle before. ttle before.
My God!" he gasped, "the woods are on A momentary strength came to him. He

A momentary strength came to him. He could see, far off, the figures of men all standing and looking down in horror at the fire, and, unthinking, or uncaring if he knew, whether these men were friends or foes, he flung away his hat and staggered toward them.

Wood's men saw him and recognized him through the curtain of flame, but no hiving thing could advance a hundred feet from that side.

A group of Confederate officers could be seen surveying the fire through their

A group of Confederate officers could be seen surveying the fire through their glasses. They were within rife reach, but not a trigger was pulled.

One of these Confederates dropped his glass, took the reins from his orderly, and was in the saddle with a bound.

"Where are you going, Col. Gore?" shouted one of the officers, as the young man set his teeth and turned his horse to the fire. "In there!" thundered Bert Gore.
"The Yankee has fallen, you cannot reach him!"
"But it is Stanley! My God! it is Ralph Stanley!"

"Hold man! Are you insane? You cannot reach him!"

The Yankees on the hill saw the mad act, and they said: "The man has lost his head! He is rushing to death!"

With the rowels buried in his steaming flanks, the horse plunged forward. The creature seemed filed with the spirit of his daring rider.

"You will dismount your command, and after your men have eaten supper you will report to Gen. Wood. A staff officer will see that the horses are cared for within reach and that your men are furnished with rations and ammunition."

The general waved his hand and returned to the sudy of his map, and the colonel, actions are the sudy of his map, and the colonel, actions with bared breath the watched the thrilling scene haing

both."

"I—I am Bert's captive and I must obey."
laughed the colonel.

"They are making the car ready. A few minutes and they will carry you down."

"And you?" he asked.

"I shall be by your side. I have come to be a famous nurse. Trust me."

"With my life," he whispered.

That aftermoon four stal wart men in gray carried the cot down to the train and placed it gently in the special.car. Dora walked behind to shield his face from the sun. Dr. Arnold went along with Bert Gore and Capt, Lering.

Bert Gore's heroism was the talk of two armies, and papers North and South, that were opposed on everything else, were agreed that he was a hero of the highest order, for the world, even in war times, is more eager to commend the unselfish heroism that saves a life in preference to the valor that takes one.

Atlenta was reached in safety, and here a sergeant with 24 men was waiting to carry the wounded man to Mr. Loring's fine eld mansion out on the Peach Tree road.

Ralph stood the trip better than was ex-Ralph stood the trip better than was ex ready to take Dr. Arnold's place. To be wounded and a prisoner is certainly trying, but Ralph could not have been received more kindly nor treated more tenderly in

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER AAAIV.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

Capt. Loring returned the next day to his battery on Missionary ridge, and Dr. Arnold to his hospital at Dalton, while Col. Gore took up his quarters at the Lorings to help Dora and the doctors.

The servants moved about like shadows, and when the black children learned that there was a wounded Yankee soldier in the house who might be annoyed by their noise they became hushed and even laughed in whispers.

who have been permitted to have their own way; but, selfishness apart, he had a heart as big and ten er as it was certainly brave. He gave no thought to his own painful burns, and might never have dressed them had it not been for the watchful care of Dora and the doctors. He developed into an excellent nurse, and insisted on taking his "turn of guard duty," as he called it, every night.

As the doctors anticipated, though they tried to avert it, the wound in the lung brought on a burning fever, and Ralph became delirious.

Sometimes he was charging at the head of the mountaineers, again he was back in his old kentucky home or denouncing the dith Clyde for her perfidy.

"I tell you. Miss Dera." said Bert one morning when Ralph had wasted to a shadow of his former self. "I have never been what you might call religious until of late."

"I am glad you have been changed" she

late."
"I am glad you have been changed." she said.
"Well, yes; I thought since I've been helping you care for Ralph that I'd give religion a chance."
"I do not understand you." she said.
"Well, I've begun to pray, for one thing."
"You will find the habit comforting." said Dora.
Dora.
"What is your name?"

"I believe I know my own business. and when I am in doubt. Maj. Ashmead. I will hardly come to you for information."
"Not if I am in the midst of danger at the time." said the other hotly.
Unheeding this fling, though it made many of the others laugh. Fleming marched directly in front of Ralph, and asked:
"What is your name?"

"Well. I've begun to pray, for one thing."

"You will find the habit comforting." said
Dora.

"Oh, I'm not doing it for myself. I'm all
right; burns nearly well, and beard and
evelrows and eyelashes growing out again,
but it's for Raiph. I don't think there's a
chaplain in either army that is getting in
more solid, earnest prayers than I am putsing up for Kalph. To be sure I don't talk
most of them out aloud, but I think them
and I presume the prayers one thinks will
be pretty near as effective as if one were to
stand on top of a steeple and shout them
through a speaking trumpet?"

"I bink so," she replied, gravely.

It was only the fact that he was very
much inearnest that prevented her laughing at Bert's odd conception of the efficacy
of prayer that was not spoken.

At the end of three weeks the fever
abated, and the doctors looked encouraged.

Dora was wearing herself out with watching, and even in her brief hours of sleep
she was caring for him in her dreams.

When the fever passed away, and Raiph
opened his eyes from what seemed a long
troubled sleep, he saw Dora and Bert bending over him.

"Where am I?" he asked.

vost guard.

troubled sleep, he saw Dora and Bert bending over him.

"Where am 1?" he asked.

"Among freads in my father's house." said Dora.

"And you are getting well right along. Why, Ralph, old fellow, you've got the old time light in your eyes. After this I am going to bank heavy on prayers," said Bert.

"Prayers, Bert?"

"Yes: ever since we brought you up here to Atlanta. 22 days ago. I've been brushing up all the old prayers I could remember and thinking out some original ones, and I think they did you good. But don't talk yet awhile; wait for a week. I've got to report back at the end of a week."

"Where is the army?" asked Ralph.

"W. II, your folks are in Chattanooga, and our folks are trying to get them out. But never mind that. You are on the mend, and I want you to stay mended."

Ralph improved rapidly after this, and his greatest delight was to have Dora read to him. There was music in her voice and a healing in the touch of her hand.

On the day of Bert's departure Ralph was able to sit up in bed.

We shall not attempt a description of the parting of the friends, but there were tears in their voices, aye and in their eyes, as they held each other's hands.

And Col. Gore rejoined his command on Missionary Ridge, where the following month, and the day succesding "the battle above the clouds." he was wounded and made a prisoner by the men of Wood's division, and sent on to Camp Chase, Ohio.

One evening when Ralph Stanley was able to move about with the help of Mr. Loring or the comforting aid of Dora's hand he permitted her to lead him to the piazza, that commanded a view of the hills to the west and of the clump of trees, where later on the gallant McPherson was to fall. After sitting in silence for some time he said:

"Thanks to you, Miss Dora, I shall soon be as strong as ever, and then, I presume, they will send me on to Libby."

"Have von forcotten, colonel, that you are paroled?" she asked.

"I certainly was not aware of that. Everything is like a dream to me, from the instant I fell fainting in the flame

l certainly was not aware of that. Every-"I certainly was not aware of that. Everything is like a dream to me, from the instant I fell fainting in the flames till I regained consciousness before Bert left."

"Well, you certainly are paroled in my charge—and I do not propose to have you go to Libby."

"This place has attractions for me that will make it hard going anywhere when the inevitable time comes. Meanwhile I am your captive and shall be till the day I die."

trust her would say. But she dared not trust herself to speak.

"It is that I may meet you again," he said.

"Is hall pray for peace," she said.

"And you will not be angered at my coming?"

"Angered at what will give me pleasure?"

"Is hall come."

He bent over her. The beautiful, patient face was raised to his. Their libs met. For a minute of profound bliss he held her to his breast. And they knew each other as never before, for the light of love and the peace of heaven was in their hearts.

During that winter of 63-64 Chattanooga, was turned into aligrand war school, in which 150.000 men and officers were eager students.

From Dalton, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had his headquarters. Col. Helm was forwarded, underflag of truce, to the union outposts at Ringgold, from which boint he was sent on to Chattanooga, there to await the action of Gen. Sherman. He put up at one of the hotels resorted to by officers, and here he learned that his command, then near Knoxville, had been recruited by the accession of 400 mountain upon and west Pointer.

Col. Helm's return was hailed with joy by

by the accession of 400 mountain upon and was the point of the hotels resorted to by officers, and here he learned that his command, then near Knoxville, had been recruited by the accession of 400 mountain upon and west Pointer.

Col. Helm's return was hailed with joy by

"I had that honor."
"And were you not courtmartialed and dismissed the service for helping to escape a rebelspy, who had been condemned to Yes, through your damnable malignity,

"Yes, through your damnable malignity," hissed Rulph.

Keeping his temper and evidently enjoying his nower, Maj. Fleming went on:
"Although debarred from ever entering the service again, you, Ralph Stanley, under the assumed name of Helm—"
"A lie, for my middle name is Helm."
"You came down to the mountains, and through falsehood and fraud secured a command?"
"Shame, shame, shame!" called out a number of the officers.
"The military governor of Tennessee, whose commission I hold, is a friend of my father's and knows all about my antecedents, including this court martial, which you instigated, and the governor of my own State has the same information. But you are here for a purpose. You have the power to carry it out, and the sooner you do so the better. But look to yourself after this, Fleming, for I shall not give up the blue which I have never dispared and you must." said Ralph, boldly. give up the blue which I have never disgraced, and you must." said Ralph, boldly. But Fleming placed blum under arrest and marched him to jail in the midst of the pro-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

shoulder, but this was all affected at the expense of his heart.

Beyond the tacit understanding reached that evening when Bert Gore's letter was read on the plazza. Ralph did not speak of his love, though it was impossible to hide it. With the fine institucts of a gentleman he realized the deli acy of his situation; and while his loyalty to the Union never faitered for an instant, he was more than ever impressed with the unnaturalness and awful crueity of the war.

"I leave for Chattanooga in the morning," he said to Dora, as they sat together in the twilight one evening in mid March. "There are some things that language is wholly in adequate to express, and one of them is the sease of devotion and gratitude which must ever feel for you and yours."

"We have been paying a sacred debt in the coin you gave us," she interrupted.
"No there was no debt on your part. I know that whatever I could do was a duty and a pleasure. But I was going to say an end must come some day to this terrible strife."

"I pray God it may come soon," she said fervently.

"I feel now," he continued, "as if I were death-proof, and that I shall live to see the end."
"And for that I pray, too," she responded. "And when peace comes," he went on. "my heart will hunger to return again to Atlanta. Can you imagine why I shall be so eager to come?"

She shock her head. She knew full well what he would say. But she dared not trust herself to speak.

"It is that I may meet you again," he said.

"And you will not be angered at my coming?"

Angered at what will give me pleas "Angered at what will give me pleas and continued in the count of process of the same of the proper in the fact in the feat of the fact of the fact

they plunged, as it seemed to the atmiss looking down in awed expectation.

Suddenly the creature is flung back on his haunches, and at the same instant the man in gray league to the ground.

Main as an impetuous Southern youth who had unfortunately gone astray. The same in the dot they washed the third that they washed the third that they washed the third that they washed to read the same instant the man is lifting one of our same that were innate.

At home Bert Gore was looked upon as a cited as he would not have been leading a one of the same in the

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

During the four and twenty hours Col. Gore spent at Chattanooga he was the lion of the camp. He heard from the men of Woods' command the story of the rescue. Of which he retained only a dim recollection. "I tell you, Col. Gore, and I do not meast to flatter you," said Gen. Wood. "that you riding into that fire and carrying off our friend was the most daring incident of the battle, and I am sure the men on your side cheered it as heartily as we did."

When at length the time came to part Ralph took Bert's one hand between his own strong palms and whispered:

"God bless you, Bert! May we live to the end."

"There is a little girl up in Cincinnati who is praying for me," said Bert solemnly, "and I am sure God will hear her. And Ralph, old fellow, there is a dear girl down in Atlanta who is praying for you. As to the other girl, who betrayed us both, she has thrown Fleming over, and it is said will marry a rich old New York banker in May."

And Bert Gore went through the lines to his own people. And Raiph Stanley, no longer a patriot without a name, became as idd with the armies of Georgia and the Cumberland.

In May, 1864, the 1st East Tennessee

longer a patriot without a name, became at idol with the armies of Georgia and the Cumberland.

In May, 1864, the lat East Tennesses Mounted Rifles came down to Chattanooga and were assigned to Stanley's mounted brigade. There were only 190 of the old men left, but every mountaineer in the restiment had seen or heard of the young Kentucky colonel, and their joy at being with him knew no bounds.

Mai, McClure had developed into an excellent soldier, and Hank Carter was considered the best troop leader in the command. Old Carter's body was carried from the field of Chicamauga, and buried in the shadow of the log meeting house at Zion. The temptation to go on is strong, but properly to record the doings of the next year would take three times the space already given to this story.

At length there came a day when the battle flags were furled, and the men in gray and the men in blue returned to their homes the one to reloice in a Union restored and the other to show a magnificent manhood under a crushing defeat.

The survivors of the meuntain men went back to the hills, but thanks to Gens. Stanley and Gore Zion is now a good siled town, in which McClure and Hank Carter are leading characters and generous, well-to-do men.

In the summer of 1865, Bert Gore and

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BERT GORE TO THE RESCUE AGAIN.

The arrest of Rainh Stanley caused great indignation among the officers at the hotel; some of whom thoroughly understood his case, and all of whom warmly admired its patriotism and valor.

There were many oaths indulged incomplete officers started off to report the outrage to their superiors and to invite their aid in the valint young colonely case.

Maj. Fleming felt that the key of the situation was in his hands. He was sure that faith was in the army against the railing of the court that tried him, and had blanned to prove that the censury.

Raiph was conducted to a private room in the look-up, but even here Fleming could not resist the temptation to show his meanness and malignity, and to gloat over the humiliation of his prisoner.

Waiting till after the sergeant and his guard had withdrawn, Fleming turned to the prisoner and said sneeringly:

"When you escaped the court-martial with your life why did you tempt Providence by re-entering the army under such the prisoner and said sneeringly:

"Because" replied Ralph hotly, "I am not organized like Maj. Felming."

"No, you certainly are not."

"Yoo, you certainly are not."

"Towe my country and wished to aid her, and I have. Another point of difference between us that my bitterest enemy never charged me with being a coward! Your warmest friend, if indeed, you ever had a warm friend, which I doubt, never had the recklessness to hint that you were a brave man,"

"Thave never disgraced my uniform, however," sneered Fleming."

"Thave never disgraced my uniform, however," sneered Fleming.

hand on the doorknob and calls:

"Lu-cy!"

A pause. "Lu-cy!" This time a little louder, and another pause. Then again:

"Oh. Lu-cy!"

From down the hall comes, by this time, the sleepy reply:

"Ya-as'm. I'se comin'."

There is a shuttling of feet along the hall-way mattling, and then a conversation in a low tone. The voice of the belle says a little louder at the close:

"Remember, lucy!"

The voice of the chambermaid replies:

"Ya-as'in."

The door closes. The shuffling sound passes back down the hall and dies away. Fifteen or 20 people in adjacent rooms turn over in bed and try to go asleep again. Nobody thinks of kicking. It is only one of the White Sulphur ways.

Old Fable With New Ending.

[Oakland Tribune.]
A shepherd of a facetious turn of mind A shephere of a facetious turn of mind once cried: "Wolf!" and his neighbors, running to assist him and finding no wolf, beat him cruelly for deceiving them. Soen afterwards his flock was attacked by Soen afterwards his flock was attacked by a lion and the shepherd cried out: "Wolf! Wolf!" as before. The neighbors said: "That rascal is trying to fool us again and we will cudge! him as before."

But when they had come to the spot the lien ate them and the humorous shepherd was greatly pleased with the success of his stratagem.

or your papa?

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GOD GAVE THE BABY.

Mass.

But It Was a Boy Instead of a Much-Coveted Girl.

Pittsburg Dispatch. A lady walking along a street came upon "Mine," the little girl answered. "Oh. you mean that it is your little brother or brother, but is mine-my child." "You are a very young mother." "I ain't no mother." Then why should you say that the baby is yours?" the lady mischievously asked.

Olympia Tribune.

Prof. Fred G. Plummer, the civil engineer of Tacoma, says: "I have been all over this country and have the best collection of the two large distilleries, whose proprietors are It is said, further, that shoemaking was in days for a finished game; it is with diffiflora to be found anywhere. What do you members of the writer's congregation. Only a crude state one hundred years ago, and it culty we wait two hours. think of these trees 650 feet high? They are to be found that high in the unsurve; ed townships near the foot of Mt. Tacoma, and what is more I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number with that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mt. Tacoma whose foliage is of ar above the ground that it is impossible to tell to what family they belong expenses and the writer's congregation. Only last Saturday evening the negroes came in the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages. The first noted for eight shows a found necessary to import instructors to teach the art, who went from place to place teaching apprentices. The first noted for eight shows for its and every muscle of the body. It develops graceful movement and level-headedness, the processing the total to was found necessary to import instructors to teach the art, who went from place to place teaching apprentices. The first noted for eight shows for its and every muscle of the body. It develops graceful movement and level-headedness, the processing the total to was found necessary to import instructors to teach the art, who went from place to be sight, the perceptive faculties, the nerves and every muscle of the body. It develops graceful movement and level-headedness, the processing the foliation of the store for their wages. In about 15 min the store for their wages and it was found necessary to import instructors to teach the art, who went from place to be sight, the perceptive faculties, the nerves and every muscle of the body. It develops graceful movement and every muscle of the body. It develops are stored to the proce cept by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the World's fair at Chicago. We could send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or 400 feet long.

description and the rhip pock established, and very soon shoes were said to be made equal to the best imported. In the matter of apprentices and teaching the business were armed.

At the other distillery the proprietor lives a dated 1771, in the old formal English.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1890.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. THE DAILY GLORE-One copy, per month, 50 ents; per year, \$6.00. Postage prepaid.
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THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER Co.,

"Seldom can the heart be lonely. If it seek a lonelier still, Self-forgetting, seeking only Emptier cups of love to fill."-Havergal,

SHACABAC ON HOSPITALITY.

Hospitality, a social virtue in the West, is a religious duty among oriental people. and Jan. 1, 1891, the balance Even the truculent Bedouin of the desert of the year will be given free, will allow an hour's start in the morning to the enemy who may have sought his hospitality over night. He holds it derogatory to subscription expire December his honor, as well as detrimental to his furniture, to begin hostilities while the foeman is under his rooftree. SHACABAC Was so scrupulous on this head that he extended the right of asylum to savage beasts. It is related by his biograph-

er that, coming home late one night, and finding a large tiger stretched They will deduct the same com- before his hearth, he withdrew to the roof mission as on yearly subscrip- of the house, without disturbing the fierce animal or even alarming the other inmates, who might molest the unbidden visitor. Unhappily his delicacy was but ill rewarded, for his wife's mother, who had been temporarily staying with him for a Who do not wish the cash com- few years, on entering the kitchen next mission of agents, but seek to morning was incontinently devoured by the ungrateful brute. This sad event was immortalized by the sage in a noble threnody, wherein the virtue of resignation is beautiof the following liberal terms: fully set forth. Among the many rich gems with which that poem is adorned are the

Hospitality saith: Be blind when thy guest helpeth himself to the wine flask. Wisdom addeth: Be deaf when he hinteth

Lend thy horse, but not thy spurs. Rebuke not the guest who eateth with his

knife or drinketh from his saucer. Give him a trough and bid him be at home. Talk not with thy guest of his own affairs, for with these he is sufficiently ac-1891), in order to entitle you quainted; but talk ever of thine own, of to a free copy for the same thy good luck and ill, of thy horses, thy dogs, thy children and thine ailments. If thou dost not succeed in making him feel at nome, thou mayst at least induce him to wish himself there.

As ingratitude is the basest of all vices, be careful that thou dost never aught to thy neighbor to tempt him to that sin. Gratitude is the gold sequin which thou

expected in return for a copper dinar's worth of kindness. Thou needst not be grateful to him who

Hold thine independence more precious mails. than the smiles of a king. If the calibh invite thee to dinner, refuse him not; but

thee an office. The value of a gift lies in its worth to the receiver, rather than in its cost to the giver.

and thereby hangeth a parable: Diambhori, the Ameer of Khali-Mazu, have been a grave discourtesy; wherefore to the southern point of Florida? ter, Diambhori, struck with remorse on plain. perceiving the magnanimity of his foe.

of the pianos and while the harem yet resounded with the practice-lessons of his devoted wives. SHACABAC also discourses eloquently on the reciprocal duties of hospitality between hope that he may succeed in convincing concomitant, with the development of the city dwellers and their relatives in the Mr. WANAMAKER that in this matter, at player's muscle, is a healthful, moral agricultural Monthly. Every issue country when making and returning visits. least, low tariffs pay. but as these observations refer to oriental customs, which are without any counterpart

American reader. AMASA B. SEWALL.

NEGROES DOWN SOUTH.

saw mills are numerous. These depend tions of shoemaking, making his thread principally on colored or negro labor. On by home spinning, and his wax, and then to profitable breeding and care of the turpentine farms they labor perhaps peddled his shoes, near and remote, to the drink and revel three. Of course there are his own tanner, is possible, yet it will be exceptions for there are classes of negroes found that in the settlement of Lyun, 261 STAGG and SUNDAY prove that it is quite a little girl wheeling a baby carriage. the frequent shootings, cuttings and In the making of shoe thread, one firm is in a cream-colored shawl. "Whose child is orderly conduct and this ranged, dirty lot benches, continue to make wax as of yore. mamma asked me if I didn't want a little baby in the house, an' I said yes, an' she said if I prayed for one God would send it, an' then I said I would pray for a little sister, cause I like girls better than boys, but mamma said I'd jest better pray for any kind that God had a mind to send but I didn't; I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy anyway, an' I guess it was because He didn't have any girls on hand. Then I said I would pray to God to send a girl as soon as he could, but our folks said that I needn't put myself to any trouble on that account."

I didn't: I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy anyway, an' I guess it was because He didn't have any girls on the maker. Better that is not nearly so bad as many other places: indeed, it is recognized as one of the most desirable residence towns in of the forfeiture of six shillings and eight the first of the forfeiture of six shillings and eight the midst of the town is a turpentine distillery surrounded by huts, rookeries and shantles in which these motley crowdsgather. The same elements that gave zest to a bull fight in Spain are lodged today in the business of a butcher, currier or shoe maker," and that "no shoemaker or cord-waint shall are keen of the forfeiture of six shillings and eight the midst of the town is a turpentine distillery surrounded by huts, rookeries and shantles in which these motley crowdsgather. The same elements that gave zest to a bull fight in Spain are lodged today in the business of a butcher, currier or shoemaker," and that "no shoemaker or cord-waint shall are keen of the forfeiture of six shillings and eight the midst of the town is a turpentine distillery surrounded by huts, rookeries and shall are keen of the forfeiture of six shillings and eight that is su. The same elements that gave zest to a bull fight in Spain are lodged today in the business of a butcher, currier or shoemaker," and that "no shoemaker or cord-waint shall are the fight that is su. The same elements that gave zest to a bul standing and cultivation.

made utes were counted five pistols, one shotgun place teaching apprentices. The first noted and every muscle of the body. It develops True twas Eve plucked the apple, but Adam came in

race prejudices and done much harm.

ravishers.

More negroes are killed and wounded by negroes than by whites. Dr. Moony of Bryan county says that not less than five negroes were shot by negroes in about two months, within a short distance, on the people are almost inured to it. Every day and hour the laws are violated by scores of negroes, and if the authorities were to try most of it would be Anglo-Saxon blood.

It is so complimentary in the Watchman, white people of the South to "devils! How exemplary in a great, leading religious journal to rail its epithets at a people | published? who under all the vicissitudes and trials of poverty, war and defeat, laden with burdens never imposed upon any people before. have made the best of the situation and | Dinah?" smitten the barren rocks of desolation until the waters of success are flowing all over the land. Does not the Watchman know that South Carolina is a better State, as re- life demands? gards crime, than Massachusetts? Does it not know that there is more and deeper "shotgun States?" If he does not he must be pardoned for stating the contrary, and as the negro said when the mule kicked him. "Dat mus' be 'puted to his ignance." J. A. SCARBORO.

CHEAP FOREIGN POSTAGE.

Mr. J. HENNIKER HEATON, one of the peer, is now in this country trying to perreturneth a borrowed umbreila. Let thy suade Mr. WANAMAKER that cheap postage to other countries would more than pay for itself in increased patronage of the

The United States government pays the Atlantic steamship companies but one cent keep thy vote for the party which giveth a letter for transporting the foreign mails. yet it charges the people five cents. In matter carried by the pound the government charges eight times as much as it pays the steamship lines.

It is claimed that domestic letters are being secretly envious of the great Sul- carried at about cost. At least, the domestic If every reader of this issue, tan Ras-el-Dasl, sought to compass mail service is not intended to be a source whether or not he or she is a his ruin by a gift of two-score large of revenue. Why should it cost but two

Thousands of poor people correspond regcopy free to each. Write names and their tusks made into keys for two score ularly with their friends in the old coun- a game of nine-pins. This was nothing, but on a postal card, and address grand planos, the which he sent as presents to tries. Why the government should make the wives of the Ameer, thus nobly reveng- them the exception, and pocket a profit of Lord's day! ing the wrong intended him by the lat- three cents on each of their letters, is not

Mr. HEATON has come on a very reasonacommitted suicide shortly after the arrival | ble and just mission. He maintains that | league ball does not consist of two parts

> MASSACHUSETTS SHOE INDUSTRY. An article in a recent Sunday paper upon

Something should be said to the readers given, will not be questioned, yet there was all other games for his infernal majesty, the of THE GLOBE on the race question from a evidently a misapprehension of some of devil. So it came to pass when Thomas Southern standpoint. If the reader doubts them, and an attempt to weave much BEECHER of Elmira, N. Y., placed billiard the truth of what is here stated let him go romance into others, outside of facts. The tables in his parsonage there was a church and see for himself. The writer is a Baptist shoemaker of a hundred years ago and less council called to declare these tables a clergyman, pastor of churches in Guyton, is represented as setting up his shop, or dangerous mockery of the Gospel. Ga., a small town on the Georgia Central shed, by the side of a running brook, where railroad, 30 miles from Savannah. The he tanned his hides, in many cases going tion and support of the pulpit is indeed for surrounding country is pine forests with into the woods for the bark, and where small farms. Turpentine distilleries and he went through with all the operafour days of the six, then loaf, gamble. far South. That some one may have been as well as whites. Right here there is daily years ago, of the five original settlers, possible for a man to be an athlete and a a large contingent of ragged negro loafers one was a tanner. There never was a Christian. Hercules teday may be a of both sexes that frequent the railroad time in the history of that place when preacher of the gospel, and Samson bring shed and restaurants, making the nights there were not one or more tannerhideous with curses, lewd laughter, pistol les, and in one locality there was one. shooting and fandango dances. Nearly it is believed, of 100 years standing, and every negro man and boy carries a pistol, another, not long since removed, which dirk, fazor, shotgun or musket, and must have been nearly as long established. ous and boisterous that the citizens peti- mystery of a butcher, currier or shoemaker. tioned the Council for protection, and the by himself or any other, shall use or exertown marshal said he feared to arrest a cise the feat or mystery of a tanner, on pain to see and appreciate anything that is su-

About ten miles from Guyton there are severe blow would be given to shoddy.

in constant dread of riot, or midnight rob- style, and in which, after specifying the all legitimate games lies a profound philosometric style, and in which, after specifying the all legitimate games lies a profound philosometric style, and in which, after specifying the style styl moston Checkin Globe. in constant dread of riot, or midnight rob- style, and in which, after specifying the 'all legitimate games lies a profound philosophy which Herbert bery, or murder. His labor is unreliable, duties of the apprentice, the master, as he phy. This is the philosophy which Herbert he cannot trust the negroes, and has consid- is styled, engages to teach his "apprentice, Spencer preached several years ago. erable difficulty in getting an honest day's or cause him to be taught by the best ways It is the philosophy of the needs of our nawork for even a high price. There is gen- and means that he may, or can, the trade, ture and deals with an element which is a eral complaint among business men that art, or mystery of a cordwainer, and to part of our being. the "Force bill" agitation has deepened read, write and cipher, as usual (if the said The old adage "All work and no play, apprentice be capable to learn), and will makes Jack a dull boy" emphasizes this The Watchman, a Baptist paper of Bos- find and provide for and unto said appren- mysterious factof our natures. Mark Twain ton, talks about "unaverged blood." Why tice good and sufficient meat, drink, appreaches the gospel of mirth and, in doing does not that paper tell its readers about parel, washing and lodging, in sickness and so, strikes at a fundamental necessity of our the numbers of whites killed by negroes? in health fitting for an apprentice during well being. The stage is built upon this There are bad men in the South, just as said term (two and three-fourths years) and necessity, this law, if you please, and every there are in all other places. We deplore at the end of said term to dismiss said ap- minister must more or less, write his serthis. Many negroes have been killed by prentice with one complete new suit of mons with this in view. whites without just provocation, just as apparel and all his then wearing apparel." There is medicine in recreation. This many whites have been killed by negroes. The parties were some of the best citizens accounts for crowded seaside resorts and Not long since Mr. Malsby of Emanuel of the town at that time. Nearly one European steamers. But rest is not merely county was waylaid and killed by hundred years ago the method for mer- ozone, but rather diversion, and the true a negro because he had discharged chants and manufacturers was to have game meets this want. Mr. BEECHER the murderer from his employ. Mr. Dur- their shoes packed in barrels and shipped would frequently spend his Saturday evenrow of Bullock county was also killed by a to the Southern ports in vessels, taking ings in playing parlor games with his wife, negro because he ordered him off the place. passage themselves in that manner. These and would appear in the pulpit the follow-A little child was outraged on the way to pumps, it is said, were wholesaled to deal-ing morning with a mind increasingly active school by a burly negro. Two ladies were ers at \$12 a pair. This seems an extraor- because of the preceding evening's sport. recently assaulted by another fiend in the dinary price, at which only such a method Recreation is life, and any game which shape of a negro. Another negro beat a of teaming to market could pay. Some affords recreation is lifegiving. gentleman's brains out with an axe while allowance should undoubtedly be made The rest, the complete distraction of the the latter was asleep in his campon the way relative to the value of currency in those mind from the burdens of business, is in to market. All this, and much besides, has days. It should further be remarked that itself an ethical argument in favor of base occurred in a narrow area within a few few or no shoe manufacturers in those ball, and while we score the home runs. years. Let the Watchman drop a tear over times, or up to the civil war, were known base hits and errors for the worthy gentlethese white victims of negro assassins and to have made fortunes from such good men who thus entertain the public. let us prices in sales at the South.

R. I. ATTWILL.

POST VACATION QUERIES.

Why do people who go into the country construction of the Savannah & Western to rest work so hard having a "good time" railroad. It is so common for negroes to that they are physically worn out, and need kill, cut and shoot each other that the a vacation wherein to recover from their vacation?

Why do merry excursionists, young and old, always get so low in their minds that to enforce the laws fully, the Watchman | they sing dirges and melancholy hymrs? would have more blood to grieve over, but | The sadness of their situation is not apparent, even to a careful observer. What is men who are writing any better than he? the train of thought that leads a jolly com not to say so Christian, to compare the pany to utter such woeful wails? Even the 'Tale of Woe'' would be more gay.

When is a book of new college songs to be

never reach her destination? Who is "Aunt

What is the satisfaction in tanning the upper part of the arm, which can tell no bringing into being the fall novelties,

Have boys the internal economy of cows or the leather jacket of Hop o' My Thumb? race prejudice in New England than in the If not, where do they stere the astonishing amount of food that they consume?

Is it fear of "being made fun of," or scorn of city ignorance that induces the farmer's curtness? A driving party sees a fine pair of black oxen-a color unusual in New Hampshire-coming up a hill, and draws to one side to let them pass. Admiration of their size and strength, as well as of the brightest and most energetic members of sheen of their dark sides, prompts the Parliament, and, by the way, a prospective query, "What kind of oxen are those, sir?" 'Black!" is the laconic reply, so contemptuous that the daring questioner shrivels and grows small.

How is it that there still live in the world persons who "know all about sailing." and vet tie the sheet? Persons who have capsized in consequence of the foolish act, and still do tt?

Finally, is there anyone who does not enjoy vacations? With all their faults we love them still!

MABELL S. CLARK E

THE ETHICS OF BASE BALL.

That muscle and morals are mutually subscriber, will send a list of and healthy elephants, the bare feed-cents to send a letter to San Francisco, and helpful is a postulute accepted by members 10 or a dozen names of persons ing of which for one twelvemonth would five to send one to Great Britain? Why of the medical profession and the ministry, in his or her neighborhood, The have emptied the royal exchequer. To should it cost two and one-half times as Many years ago when orthodox John Knox have sold or given away the animals would much to send a letter to the West Indies as of Scotland visited John Calvin at Geneva he found the illustrious founder of a theological system earnestly engaged in playing (tell it not to the Calvinists) it was on the

> Were these worthies to meet today doubtless they would "pass" a Spaulding ball. It is now generally understood that a by lopping off three cents from the present | devil and the other part worsted yarn; on rates of foreign postage the government the contrary, the white tie fraternity have would soon realize more profit that at pres- come to see that there is a certain ethical ent, in consequence of heavier mails. We element in the base ball of today, and that stimulus, not only to the player but to

> the occupants of the "bleachers" and grand stand. Games have ever battled for moral recogthe growth of shoe manufacturers in this nition. Down in Pennsylvania the boys State is calculated to produce a wrong im- always hunt for rabbits under haystacks. pression in many particulars. The source American preachers have always looked of information of the facts obtained, as under billiard tables, in decks of cards and

The game which has gained the recognitunate, for this, without any reflection upon church deacons, is the high-water mark, or should be, of American morals.

For the most part, this has been accom plished by our national game. The cause of this is plain. First, the gen-

eral character of the players. Such men as down the house, not by his superior strength

but by his eloquence. The gymnasium, especially in our colleges stands nearer the chapel than it did once. Years ago an Andover Phillips Academy president gave the boys a sharp "What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed the murders show how little they val- remembered 70 years ago. As to wax, many lecture for indulging in athletic sports, and lady, as she discovered a pink face done up ue life. Arrest a negro for dis- shoemakers now, who work upon their own spoke of ball playing especially, as an instrument of the evil one. The char of loafers gather about and in insolent | In the separation of the trades, as early as acter of the sport itself is sufficient to 'No, I mean that he is not my murmurs threaten vengeance upon the offi- 1698, the Court of Assistants enacted "that commend it to the popular mind. It is a cials. Last winter they became so numer- no person using or occupying the feat or game made up of exciting and legitimate competion. The American people like competition. They worship skill and are keen

of the most desirable residence towns in any such shoes or boots, on pain of forfeit. Our characteristic nervousness and desire this part of Georgia, and its white popula- ing all such shoes and boots." This would for things to move find expression in our Three Times as Tall as Bunker Hill. | tion is in the front ranks of plety, social indicate that these were even then impor- games. The difference between cricket and tant trades. With such regulations now a base ball is the difference between England and America. We could not wait several

> the store for their wages. In about 15 min- to teach the art, who went from place to sight, the perceptive faculties, the nerves of sav twenty. Many others of the Lynn 140 years ago, after the business was Besides, it is a spiendid exercise for a man's negroes carried something in their hip pock- established, and very soon shoes were said grace, grit and gumption, and so long as the tents. Only three of six white men managing the business were armed.
>
> The matter of apprentices and teachaging the business were armed.
>
> The matter of apprentices and teachaging the business were armed. ing we have the indentures of an apprentice ceive the generous support hitherto ac-At the other distillery the proprietor lives dated 1771, in the old formal English corded by all classes of people. Beneath

not forget to score the ethics of base ball. WILLIAM RADER.

EDITORIAL FOINTS.

The hop crop is a failure this year: so is the peach crop and also the apple crop. The speculators who tell this story should not forget that a small fib is believed more readily than a large one.

Dr. HOLMES is now 81 years old; or, as he loves to put it, 81 years young. Of late he has begun a new era of creative work. His literary output, just at present, is probably as great as that of many younger literary men. And where are the younger literary

REDFERN'S AUTUMN STYLES

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.-While the gay sum Who is "Nelly?" Why is she always being escorted to her home? Why does she shore have been driving, sailing, dancing and flirting and otherwise speeding the golden hours, those whose business it is to provide them with their brilliant plumage have been busier than ever, planning and tales of vacation sun, when clothed as city | which maid and matron will by and by

Our London, Paris and New York houses have each produced an array of the most "recherche" novelties, and when Boston society returns from its wanderings it will be presented with a bewildering display of gowns and coats, of which the accompanying sketches are a foretaste.



Our first illustration shows a tight-fitting. seal-brown faced cloth coat. which covers the hips like the latest of the spring models. Around the neck below the collar of brown velvet, and down the front, widening in the corners, is a baiding of brown and gold flat military braid mingled with a fine gold and

brown cord.



A Redfern Coat. This is of navy-blue cloth, is half-fitting and double-breasted. The decoration is an irregular braided design, in blue and black braid, which begins on the left shoulder. becomes widest just below the bust, and narrows to a mere point at the bottom.

The collar is very high and straight, and is covered with braidings, as are the bottoms of the tight coat sleeves.

AN EVEN THING.

O whatever the mischief that Satan's been at Since that fatal and faraway minute When poor Mother Eve fell, and pulled Adam down

Men will swear that a woman was in it!

O whatever the woes of this wicked old world. It's the females make most of the trouble!
So the pessimists preach. While we halve all his joys, We are bound all man's sorrows to double! And of course some misogynist scared up the fact,

To fling out at our sex just to spite us, That while males 'mong mosquitoes make music at It's the female mosquitoes that bite us. As accessory after the fact, tho!

Maybe Mr. Mosquito don't bite—'cause he can't—
But he "whoops up" the cannibal act, tho!!

Old Negligee-Who's a horrid thing now, And all victims agree that-supposing 'tis true As to scare 'em to death with his singing!



The Log Book of the 'Bama.

"A. F. P." will find a whole history of the Alaama, and also an autobiography of Admiral Raphael emmes in a work written by himselt, entitled 'Me-noirs of Service Afloat." It can be procured from he Public Library, and is very interesting, it being eally a log book of the famous vessel from the tin e started on her career until the end off Cherbourg hile the style may not suit, it certainly must be thentic, as it was the chief evidence at the General

This book will give all the details desired. The first officer's name was Kerr, and by looking the "Century War Papers" he will find one on the fight between the Alabama and Kearsarge,

These stories should be written by him.

You Can Vote. Will you please inform me if I can vote, my fathe moving to this country and getting mataralized be-fore I was 15. Will that naturalize the whole fam-lly except those who were 21 when he became a

The naturalization of the parent naturalizes all

the family who were not of age.

You Must Pay.

Will you please inform me through your columns whether A can compel B to pay for a slight damage ione to a team hired by B from A on Sunday? If the damage was by reason of carelessness our part you must pay.

Not Much Chance. I would like to know if there is a chance to go to Annapolis to become a midshipman. Please tell m how I can find out; or, if you can, tell me.

Appointments to Annapolis are made by members f Congress and by the President. When they ar made in this State, they are usually disposed of by competitive examination, of which notice is give n the newspapers; but this is not obligatory u he member of Congress. You can ascertain here is a vacancy by writing the member of Co ress from the district in which you live.

1. Yes. 2. Only for Purpose Marriage. 1. Can a girl of 18 marry a gentleman of 21, an vill the marriage be legal?

2. Is a girl at age when she is 18?

INQUIRER.

No Power. Has the President of the United States power to rdon a State prisoner, say, for instance, s

The President of the United States has no powe over prisoners convicted in State courts for offence against laws of the State. The Husband Cannot Give Clear Title

Can a married man sell real estate that's in his wife's name and give a good title without her signa-Can a married man sell real estate that's in his win name and give a good with without his wife's ure, although she gives her verbal consent?

In Either Case.

signature? In other words when the wife does not sign the deeds would not she hold the right of dower even if property was paid for in full? Wants to Marry. If a woman gets a divorce in New Hampshire now soon can either marry in Massachusetts? If a

an either party marry in the same State? s. G. B. The statues of New Hampshire are silent on the personal characteristics, but in the methods on which he did not at once present himself as an authority. If a fast horse was mencould marry immediately. In Massachusetts the paigns and in the personal relations which party getting the divorce can marry immediately upon the entry of the final decree, which is not upon the entry of the final decree, which is not until six months after the first decree, and the party they are both big, strong, robust, manly against whom disprays to physical subject to the first decree, and the party than the party of the first decree, and the party than the party of the first decree, and the party of the first decree, and the party of the first decree, which is not until six months after the first decree, and the party of the first decree, which is not until six months after the first decree, and the party of the first decree and the p against whom divorce is obtained must wait two

woman gets a divorce in Massachusetts, how soon

What are the legal boundaries of properties locate adjacent to the sea shore. Can the landowner legally laim high or low water mark as the pro oundary, or do the statutes provide a right of way or the public along the shore with ingress and

If your land is bounded by the sea harbor or salt

The period is bended by the see harder or ast where it gives you tile to her water mark ones to her water mark one her water mark ones you can be provided by the head of the

and, Quite enough to discomfit most erudite deans; and yet she's too pretty by half to turn into A spectacled bas-bleu—a feminine freak own she fills me with frightful forebodings. As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek! She's a picture of patience, poor child, as she pon

ders
The acrist's wily and intricate ways,
But O what a pity to waste so much sweetness Hunting clues in that cruel linguistic old maze

Faith! I fancy e'en now the red roses are paling That ran riot but now on the little maid's cheek, Yet I hear the soft wings of dear Cupid a-stirring, As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek eren now while her pretty brow's all of a pucker Bending over that monstrous and musty old tome, could swear her girl's heart is beginning to flutter, And O not for the heroes of Greece or of Rome! Covert glances I've caught when she seemed to be In a book, O her bright eyes they play hide and

seek, oftentimes with my own eyes! O Cupid's not idle As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek Poor old Pater, you're blind as a bat to her beauty! You can see in that pretty pate nothing but brains; Though you dote on your daughter you'd keep her In a barren, bleak world where cold intellect

reigns; But Dame Nature is stronger than Man or Min-You can't feed girls forever on Learning's hard Her starved heart has cried out, and O Love's sure As she sits in her corner and studies her Greek!

And Sit in the Middle, (Chicago Times.) Mrs. Negligee-The horrid thing.

Mrs. Negligee-The Sultan. Here I read that he has five first-class wives. Old Negligee-Happy man. If I had 'em I'd hire 'em out to a museum. Mrs. Negligee-You brute!

OFFER TO

If You Can Write a Story.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelligent young people of today.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE offers FOUR PRIZES for the Best Four Stories written by either Boys or Girls bunal, upon which this government based its under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE GLOBE before November 1, 1890. The first prize is \$20, the second \$10, the

These stories should be as short as you can make them, from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts to illustrate the story will be acceptable.

The prizes will be awarded about December 1, 1890, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to examine the stories and to decide upon the best ones.

Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The Boston Weekly Globe.

Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only \$1 a year. or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who are now subscribers of THE WEEKLY GLOBE are entitled to compete.

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE after they are received, and all with any merit will be printed in THE GLOBE during the year. This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the literary world.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the largest circulation of any paper in New England.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS:

In writing a story use only one side of your sheets of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236--244 Wash. ington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

Comparison of Blaine and Reed and Their Influence in the Politics of Their Own State.

Blaine and Reed and their influence in Maine politics are thus sized up by the New York Sun: In some respects Blaine and Reed are

much alike. They have some of the same they bear to Republicans in Maine and in men, each with a large brain, ready and sarcastic tougue, frank manners, temperate habits, clean domestic life and possessed of a love of wit and sense of humor that have kept their hearts young. As politicians they each fill a large space in the public eye, but each has his own and radically different

methods of accomplishing his ends.

In the State of Maine the name of Blaine is indeed a household word, and the people are not only proud of him and his career, but they are personally acquainted with him, and regard themselves as his warm friends. The Republicans of that State and probably many of the Dawcords also are full of the house. "You see it has no apples on it and all the rest of the trees are full of

him, and yet they admit that the growth of Reed as a public man may cause the other trouble.

The wide difference which exists in the relations of these two men to the Republican party in Maine, however, is found to be chiefly due to the fact that while Blaine has for nearly 50 years been a leader and representative of the State at large. Reed has been but slightly connected with its politics outside of the limit of the two counties which he represents in Congress. The State has never yet been called upon to give him her support in any way, except when, in 1870, he was elected attorney general on the Republican State ticket. His Legislative district first sent him into public life as a member of the Assembly, and his own Congressional district has kept him in public life as its representative in the 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th and 51st Congresses. He has never been a candidate for any office outside of these, and he was not called upon to ask for the support of the Maine people in his contest for the speakership. His connection with the politics of the State, therefore, has been confined entirely to one or two counties, and until he made himself prominent as the absolute dictator of party legislation in the House, his people felt no unusual interest in his political fortunes. He h s grown rapidly in their pride during the busy months of his rule in the House, and today it can be fairly said that although perhaps not equally, he shares with Blaine the title of "The Man from Maine."

Training of the St. Bernard Dogs. The famous St. Bernard dogs are very

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveller who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At mealtime the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grave is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed head. Not one stirs until the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.

NO APPLES ON THE TREE.

And the Leader of the Orchestra Ex plains the Reason. [Joe Jefferson in September Century, Among Rice's old acquaintances was a leader of the orchestra one John C-. Quite a musical genius was C-, and a great character. He was a perfect knowall; no subject, either artistic, musical or scientific, could be broached in his presence

as an authority. If a last norse was men-tioned C——had a father or an uncle who owned one that could distance the ani-mal in question with ease. Should any one venture to give an account of a remarkable storm where the hallstones were as large as hens' eggs, the old bader was down on him with goose eggs at once. On a certain Sunday afternoon John ince On a certain Sunday afternoon John itice and a party of his friends were sitting on the back porch of his house, listening to some of the marvellous experiences of C.—, when the host, getting a little tired of these worders explained. wonders, exclaime

year, and the output of spirit fell off 60 pecent. After an off year farmers look for a big crop the following season, but this year the apple crop is a dead failure. Few of the distilleries will start their fires at all, and the quantity of spirits produced will shrink to something like a tenth of a good season's yield. In view of the prospective scanty output

the distillers have advanced the brice about 50 cents a gallon at their stills. Probably this will be the limit of the advance. Fure applejack, will, of course, be almost unobtainable, but the market will be flooded with cheap and fraudulent imitations that will pass muster with most buyers. A CHINESE PUGILIST.

The Challenge He Has Recently Is sued in Hong Kong. [London Times.]

iving in Hong Kong recently published by means of placards the following challenge means of placards the following challenga. The placards were removed by the police, after attracting much attention, and the puglist himself was arrested and punished:

"Having been informed that a man named Lau A. Kwan, who keeps a place at Hungham, where he instructs pupils in the art of fighting and self-defense, boasts that he has no equal in his profession, and that he is a perfect Hercules in strength, and offers an inducement in the shape of \$10 to any one who has the courage to meet him at the manly art and bend his arm—his strength being equal to several hundred cattles—now I, Hok Lo Chun, have travelled over many countries of the globe, but never met a man who was so boastful and proud of his superiority in his profession. I also have some knowledge of fighting, and therefore write this and post it up, so that all means a process and the superiority in his profession. I also have some knowledge of fighting, and therefore write this and post it up, so that all means are according to the superiority in his profession.

in the air. n the air.
Doctor—Better?
Lady—Worse.
Doctor—Bread poultice.
The day after.
Doctor—Better?
Lady—Well.
Doctor—Good morning.

She Was Training for the Ring.

"Let go of my hand, Harry." pouted the maiden. "I'll button this one myself. You would never make a prize fighter."
"Why not?" asked Harry.
"Because you are so awkward with the gloves."
"Wouldn't make a prize fight. gloves."
"Wouldn't make a prize fighter, wouldn't
""No et orted hotly. "See how skilfully I
tan get one in on your mouth."
And he did, and followed it up with sevral others. But she was a young woman
who could stand a great deal of punishnent.

[St. Paul Pioner Press.]
"The political outlook is not quite so promising as I would like to see it." said one of our country's eminent horoscopists at the Merchants Hotel to the Hon. Erastus Gurley.
"In what respect?" blandly inquired Mr.
Gurley, toying airily with a bit of lemon

Lock Their Mouths They Cannot.

rind.
"I am afraid our senators are going to lock horns on the McKinley bill."
"Oh, no, I guess not. If the bill is pending in the Senate they may lock ears but hot horns." Wanted to Shoot the Sash.

Wanted to Shoot the Sash.

[Springfield Graphic.]

The old Texan visiting in the East, sat on the piazza, nervously fingering his ritle.

"What's up?" asked his triend.
"Oh, nothin', only I can't help it. It's that thing over there."

"What's he done?" asked the friend, looking over to the hillside where a tennis party were playing.
"Ain't done nuthin'. On'y Gee-whiz! what a shot that chap in the red blazer an' pid gold sash 'ad make!"

Doing as the Romans Do.

Johnny-Ma, where'm I going to stay while you and pa are gone?
Ma-Your pa isn't going away.
Johnny-Yes, he is. He's going to Rome.
Ma-What put that foolish notion into your head?
Johnny-I heard him tell a man that as going a you went away he was going to [Chicago Post.]

soon as you went away he was going to make Rome howl. And how can he do it without going there?

She (indignantly)—I don't think you give us girls credit for thinking of anything else but dress.

He (suavely)—Oh, you wrong me! I do give you credit for thinking of more than dresses.

She—Of what else?

He—Bonnets.

It Went. [St. Paul Pioneer-Press.] He sat and looked at the busy editor for about 15 minutes steadily. Finally he yawned sleepily and remarked:
"There are some things in this world that go without saving."
"I know it," snapped the editor, but there are too darned many things that say a good deal without going."

He Will Hold It for a Rise. [Lowell Citizen.] Johnson-Buying any real estate lately? Jackson-Yes, I've just purchased a small t. Johnson—Ah! Investment or speculation? Jackson—Investment. It is a cometery lot.

No Biscuits That Day. The dinner supplied to her household last Sunday by a Lexington av. landlady was soup and watermelon, and after the meal was over the boarders sat on the front steps and wondered why they had teeth.

He was a Staver [Chicago Post.] Papa-I fear George hasn't enough "go" to make a success in life.

Daughter—Oh, but you don't know him.
Why, when he calls on me he starts to go at 9, and it's 10.30 before he gets through the

Help Wanted. [Cape Cod Item.] Colored man (entering store)—Say, boss, can you help me get work?

Proprietor (crossit)—Don't bother me, I've more help than I want now.

C. M.—Is dat a fac'? Den if you have more help than you want, perhaps you will give me some help.

Never. Oh, Never. [Lowell Courier.]
"She that was" Mary Anderson is reported

"She that was" Mary Anderson is reported as intending to return to the stage. It may not be true, but stage fever is the most tenacious of all maladies. But "our Mary will never be recognized under the name of Mme. Navarro, which the play bills will be the stage of Americans are Great Readers [Munsey's Weekly.]

"I hate to see ladies standing in crowded street cars," remarked one man to another, as he rose to offer his seat to a woman.
"So do I," replied the other, "and that's the reason I never look up from my newspaper." The Power Behind the Throne. About the first thing the small boy learns

Strong, Muscular Men.

(Treasure Trove.)

structed by means of these cannon, with submarine cable wound around them.

Electricity was brought into use, the cannon being wound with cable, and they were con-

Prince Bismarck once advertised Pauline

astonishment, not only at the Court of

Berlin, but at the cosmopolitan watering-places of Germany. The statesman was

after learning to say his prayers is the use-lessness of asking the Lord for things his mother does not want him to have. The Actor's Soliloquy. [Washington Post.]
"And yet," remarked John L., "when first
The talks of me began,
They all declared I wouldn't make
An able Congressman."

A Lucky Investor. [New York Morning Journal.] Wife-Why do you look so happy, my dear?
Husband-I've just found a dime in my last fall's vest.

A Well-Turned Tale. [Lowell Courier.] Yesterday's market report says that "cod and haddock moved off pretty well the past week." They moved in the same direction the last time we went a-fishing.

Trains Robbed While You Wait. [New Orleans Picayune.]
There are wild wooded places in Missour

where trains stop to take on robbers and It Sat Down Hard. [London Punch.]

Poor Effie (who has been stung)—First it walked about all over my hand and it was so nice. But oh, when it sat down! Another Rap at Philadelphia

(Atchison Globe,)

When a n° wspaper stops writing obituary verses when a citizen dies, it is a better sign han any census figures that the town is Not a Ball Player.

[Epoch.] "What a striking looking man."
"Yes. That's his business. He is a walking delegate."

[Terre Haute Express.] You may find hens in a hennery, but don't bats in a battery.

Boon to Consumers of Gar. An Englishman has patented in this country an automatic gas seller. It is attached to the gaspines as an ordinary meter is, and prevents the flow of gas till a penny is dropped in the slot. Then it allows the

IN SUMMIT GRAVES gas to flow through till a penny's worth has been used, when it shuts it off till another penny has been dropped in. By this invention one would be enabled to keep track of the pace of his gas bill.

Disappearance of Young "NOW, GENTLEMEN." Mate's Politeness Astonishes the Minsissippi Roustabouts.

ishes it and curses the hands is enough to

While you may not witness any direct act Recalls the List of Those Who Perished of cruelty toward the negro roustabouts on a Mississippi river steamer by the mate, you in the White Meuntains.

Weiss

can't help but expect it every time the boat makes a landing. He is always provided with a stick or cane, and the way he flour-Rude Monument.

drive a nervous person to his stateroom. I was talking of this to a mate one day, and he told me of an incident that happened on was talking of this to a mate one day, and the told me of an incident that happened on the Robert E. Lee. One of the owners of the boat happened to see the mate strike a hand, and he made such a fuss about it that the captain promised a change of programme from Vicksburg down. The mate was told how to demean himself, and when the boat swung out he was as gentle as a lamb. Before she made her first landing he had on a plug hat, a dress coat and glovos, and was smoking a dainty cigar. As the steamer swung in to take on 200 bags of cottonseed at a plantation the mate quietly ordered:

"Please get out them bow and stern lines. Please hurry up with that gang plank. Now, gentlemen, bring on them bags."

The hands looked at him in great astonishment, consumed double time in making fast, and when all were ashore went into convention to discuss matters.

"Here, you—what's the matter there?" called the captain.

"Gwine to quit." replied one of them.

"Quit! What for."

"Sunthin' wrong wid de Lee on dis trip, cap'n. She's gwine to blow up or strike a snag."

"What makes you think so?"

cap'n. She's gwine to new up of states and the said it are of them was lost. Then the belief agree the had taken a wrong view of the case. As a test, the mate might go back to old factics.

Crawford path to Mt. Washington.

Mt. Jefferson. Down toward the Great Gulf they went and in its inhosoitable recesses all trace of them was lost. Then the belief grew that wet. cold, exhausted and starving death had overtaken the poor fellow and another name was to be added to the list of fatalities on the White mountains.

Crawford path to Mt. Washington.

All searches were fruitless, the years went by and Harry Hunter was well-nigh forgotten in the mountains.

On a Levely July Afternoon in 1880, three young Amberst students walked into the Summit House in intense excitement. They had made a terrible discontinuation.

the Clouds, explored this rayine and visited the waterfalls 12 years ago. But few persons have been there before or since. It is the hardest climb I know of about these mountains, whether going up or down. Its Power Equal to that of Four

But the Cascades are Worth It. Probably the largest and strongest magnet In this ravine, 39 years ago in October, in the world is at Willett's Point. N. Y. It came to be made by accident. Maj. King Mt. Washington claimed its first victim. A happened to see two large 15-inch Dahlgren young Englishman named Frederick Strickguns lying unused side by side on the dock. land set out from the Crawford House to He immediately conceived the idea that a

make the ascent alone. "The mountains are covered with snow," magnet of enormous power could be consaid the old guides. "You will have a hard time and you had better not go up."

But he went. Tom Crawford then kept the old nouse at the Notch, and a few days afterwards he met Horace Fabyan, who kept the house on the present Fabyan site and whose son now keeps the Mt. Pleasant House. Crawford inquired of Fabyan if he had seen anything of the Englishman. "No."

Electricity was brought into use, the cannot being wound with cable, and they were converted into a huge permanent magnet. An idea of its power may be gathered from the following description:

The magnet, which stands about 10 feet from the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground, is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground is 18 feet long and has eight miles of the ground is 18 feet long and has eight miles of the ground is 18 feet long and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the ground is 18 feet long and has eight miles of the ground is 18 feet long and has eight miles of the ground in the ground is 18 feet long and has much as a strong man could lift; and yet the magnet has a strong man could lift; and yet the magnet watch. Ever since the great railroads of the country have commelled their employes to provide themsolves with timpletess that would net be affected by the magnetism developed by the car true, the country have commelled their employes to provide themsolves with timpletess that would net be affected by the magnetism developed by the car true, the country have commelled their employes to provide themsolves with timpletess that would net be affected by the magnetism developed by the car true, the country have commelled their employes to provide themsolves with timpletess that would net be affected by the magnetism developed by the car true.

The total value of the farmal true the connot have to ground the fortice of the magnet and the following the footstens

Best to Retrace their Steps,

Lucca splendidly by being photographed thinking that as they reached a less rarified atmosphere she would revive. Down they atmosphere she would revive. Down they went a dozen rous or so, and again Lizzie sat down. "How do you feel, Lizzie?" asked the

uncle. uncle.

'Comfortable," was her response.

It was the last word she spoke. In a moment more she was dead. Overwhelmed with horror and suffering themselves from their exertions and exposure, the grief

morning.
At earliest dawn the storm ceased, and the morning broke clear and cold. Within 40 rods they saw the top of the mountain and the two little hotels. There the friends hastened for aid, and the girl's lifeless yet beautiful form was tenderly carried down the mountain by four stalwart mountaineers.

THE BUSIUM WEEKLI GLUDE DATUMENT, OF LEBELLE OF LOOK.

the mountain by four stalwart mountaineers.

Just a month after Miss Bourne's death Dr. B. L., Bail of Boston undertook to climb the mountain alone. He was caught in a snowstorm, and after long wandering found shelter under some scrub trees. Here he lay helpless, half-starved and frozen, hearing the shouts of relief parties looking for him, but too weak himself to answer, until on the third day he was found and taken down the mountain nearer dead than alive, but recovered and lived to write a pamphlet about his experience and to die in a foreign land. "Jock" Davis of Jackson, a well-known guide, was one of the searching party, and remembered vividly the event. On Aug. 7, 1856, an elderly gentleman. Benamin Chandler of Wilmington, Del. started up the mountain from the Glen House. He wandered from the path in the midst of a terrible storm and was never seen again alive. One day the next summer, a few rods from the bridle path, a visitor came upon a skeleton which was identified by the clothing and jewelry as that of Mr. Chandler. He lay on a little crag which rises above the general level, some 40 rods north of where Lizzie Bourne perished.

After the carriage road was opened to the summit fatallites ceased for a time. Pedestrians, perhaps, had grown more cautious. They nearly lost their own way in the fog. found no signs of the missing man and retraced their own way to Mount Washington with the greatest difficulty. Telegrams were sent to all points where he would be likely to arrive if he succeeded in getting down the mountains.

Guides started up from below to explore the different places where a bewildered man would be likely to wander. The Summit people kept up the search day after day, in fair weather and storm, and at last footprints were found on the northeast slope of Mt.Jefferson. Down toward the Great Gulf they went and in its inhospitable recesses all trace of them was lost. Then the belief grew that wet, cold, exhausted and starveton and a Levely July Afternoon.

sands of people habitually indulge in the use of slang without a thought or a care as to the source from which the vulgar phrase

of them are coined by minstrels and burlesque actors, but often some simple incident is responsible for expressions which
sweep over the country and have their use
in the mouths of gamin and the careless of
speech, until superseded by some word
equally as offensive.

A few years ago a celebrated polo team
was playing a match game in one of our
Massachusetts cities with a team from a
neighboring city. The visiting team, called
the Star, wore its name conspicuously embroidered on the breast of the shirt.

As the game progressed it became evident
to the spectators that the referse, who was
in sympathy with the visiting team, was
uniair in his decisions. This caused great
ill-feeling, especially as the members of the
team were rough and rowdyish in their behavior. Suddenly, as their conduct became
more exasperating, some one in the audience shouted: "Rats!" The cry was instantly taken up, and throughout the remainder of the game the audience continwed to apply it to the turbulent players.

Finally one of them, unable to endure the
slurring appellation any longer, went to the
man who had originated the cry, and said:

"Why do you call us rats?"

"You ought not to take any exception to
the name." replied the gentleman addressed: "you behave worse than rats, and
besides you wear the word on your breasts.
Spell the name of your team backwards."
Sure enough. Star speit backwards could
make no other word but rats.

A large number of people from other
States were in the rink at the time, including several visiting teams, and thenceforth
the word "rats!" was taken up as an expression of contempt.

Frank H. Burt.

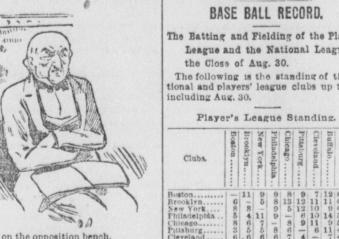
The Aspiring Girl of Today. [Ladies' Home Journal.]

She is bright and ambitious; she looks out at the workers in the world and thinks that if she were among them she would make a great success, and that reward of make a great success, and that reward of fame—money—would come to her in plenty.

But, ought you to go? May not the lifework for you be in the home? May not the reward of industry be a sense of duty done, and the love of those around you? We are all too prone to accept these rewards as commonplace, and only what should come to us, whereas they are, my dear girls, the brightest lewels that shine in the crown of woman.

brightest lewels that shine in the crown of woman.

Look at home. On the work that is waiting for you there. Do not underestimate its value. Whatever it is, do it with a willing heart and a quick hand. Think it your rleasure to do it well. Make it your delight to be so successful that the home people will praise you. And if sometimes you give a thought to the big, gay world, where each is for herself and only God for all, be ashamed of the sigh that you give, remembering that you are working where God thinks it best for you to do so, and that you only merit displeasure when you scorn your







succumb, once asked:
"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is to the source from which the vulgar phrase came, and often without the slightest idea of its original meaning. Doubtless many of them are coined by minstreis and burlesque actors, but often some simple incident is responsible for expressions which sweep over the country and have their use in the mouths of gamin and the careless of speech, until superseded by some word equally as offensive:

A few years ago a celebrated polo team was playing a match game in one of our Massachusetts cities with a team from a neighboring city. The visiting team, called the Star, wore its name conspicuously embroidered on the breast of the shirt.

Stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you will give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an interval of retirement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responsible to the properties of which is something as miraculous as the Gospels in it.

"Later in life society becomes a stimulus." Cocasionally the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed; a mind invents its own tonics, by which, without permanent in itunity, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods.

"Conversation is an excitant, and the

moods.
"Conversation is an excitant and the series of intoxications it excites is heathful. But tobarco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the prain!" of the brain! It must not be inferred from this passage that Emerson himself was a total abstainer from tobacco, though he smoked but raiely, and never until he was 50.

Cost of Yachts and Yachting. The Nourmahal, William Astor's magnificent steamer, cost originally about \$275,000. Mr. Gould's Atalanta cost about the same. The Alva, Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht, cost approximately \$350,000. Commodore Gerry's Electra cost \$150,000. The running expenses of the Atalanta for one month are

\$5000. The pay of the sailors on a yacht does not vary whether she is a 40-fuoter or a large steamer. Able seamen get \$20 a month, stewards \$60, and sailing masters from \$100 to \$125 as a rule. Some of the most effito \$125 as a rule. Some of the most efficient sailing masters in the country are getting only \$60 a month, while Mr. Gould's sailing master gets the very comfortable salary of \$5000 a year. The pay of engineers also varies according to the size of the yacht, from \$75 per month to \$2000 a year.

Parnell's Smile a Sight to See. An amusing incident occurred in the lobby of the House of Commons the other night. Mr. Parnell was standing in conver sation with a lobbyist with his back to the door, when a near relative of Mr. Balfour, mistaking Mr. Parnell for a friend, went up to him familiarly and turned him round. When he saw his mistake he raised his hat and bowed and then passed on considerably disconcerted. Mr. Parnell does not often smile, but his smile on this occasion was a sight to see.

Has a Woman's Idea a Limit? Why does a woman alight from a car the wrong way? It is not the woman; it is the car. A woman possesses thorough clear-cut husband died a short time since, did some-ideas. They come in rapid, fleeting succession, but they never get mixed up. She cultivates one at a time. She confers the favor upon the city railway of patronizing it.

When she stenifies a desire at a certain place

stricken companions stayed with hrliet 1 morning.

At earliest dawn the storm ceased, and the morning broke clear and cold, Within 40 rods they saw the top of the mountain and the two little hotels. There the friends hastened for aid, and the girl's lifeless yet beautiful form was tenderly carried down the mountain by four stalwart mountain encountain encount encountain encountain encountain encountain encountain encount encountain encount encountain encountain encount encountain encountain encountai

BASE BALL RECORD. The Batting and Fielding of the Players' League and the National League to the Close of Aug. 30. The following is the standing of the national and players' league clubs up to and apple tree on the grass.

Clubs	Boston	Brooklyn	New York	Philadelphia	Chicago	Pittsburg	Cleveland	Buffalo	Games won	Fer cent, won.
Boston	6888866	11 -8 4 6 5 .6 5	9 5 11 7 5 6 2	9899-863	8 13 5 8 6 7 3	9 12 12 6 9 -4 5	7 11 10 10 10 11 6	12 11 9 14 9 11 7	66 61 59 58 44 42	.613 .595 .575 .541 .527 .436 .408 .284
Games lost	41	45	45	52	50	57	61	73		

Clubs.	Beooklyn	Boston	Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Chicago	New York	Cleveland	Pittsburg	Games won	Per cent, won.
Brooklyn	-	9	8	10	10	10	14		71 69	.633
Cincinnati	675763	6	10	8 7	7	12	13	12	64	.610
Philadelphia	5		6	-	8	10	13	16	65	.601
Chicago	7	7673	5 3	9	-	11	8	14	61	.563
New York	6	7	5	5	6		7	12	48	.44
Cleveland Pittsburg	3 2	3 2	3	3	8	6 3	5		31	.298
Games lost	36	40	41	43	47	60	73	188		1

the encampment. He declares, in relation to the mayor's banquet here, that "a more superb affair was probably never witnessed in the history of such occasions in America.

"From the first moment of Omaha's arrival." the mayor continues, "she was taken up in arms and not set down again until the entire programme of festivities had been fully completed. And in this connection I am unable to find words to express the gratitude I feel to two gentlemen in particular—Gen. Collins and Mr. Noonan, and was proposed to maha a few months ago, accompanied by Mr. Noonan and was trien a reception and banquet by our Union Club. Mr. Noonan was appointed a special guard over us as soon as we touched Boston, and under his control we were not allowed under any circumstances. To spend a penny, and were taken everywhere and shown everything. Yes, Gen. Collins and Mr. Noonan certainly aid all in their power to bestow every possible courtesy, favor and nonor upon Omaha as represented by myself on the occasion.

"The statement may seem incredible, but it took the great procession, when the despratches noticed so fully, from 8 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock at night to form and finish its line of march. This was owing to the short, narrow and winding streets in a couple of hours with perfect.

"But a word about the mayor's banquet!" "As a little remark on the side I will inform you that the cost to the club was, I learned, over \$25 a plate.

"You observe," coubinued the mayor."

HIS SCOOP.

been handled on Omaha's broad and long streets in a couple of hours with perfect lease.

"But a word about the mayor's banquet!
"As a little remark on the side I will inform you that the cost to the club was, I learned, over \$25 a plate.

"You observe," coutinued the mayor, "that the eard contains no mention of wine, but let me tell you there was plenty of it served to each guest, just the same.

"Omaha was honored with a very handsome compliment and a mighty fine but of devertising at one and the same time at this dinner, where were gathered the principal and leading dignitaries of the nation. It came about in this way. As I have said, there were about 200 guests. Notwithstanding this great number, however, Omaha was the only Western city that was called upon for a speech. And Omaha responded to the very best of her ability, and with all due modesty allow me to add that she received at various parts of her talk a regular cyclone of cheers and calls of 'Goon! Goon!

"Poor old Kansas City, Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis were not in it at all, both figuratively speaking and as a matter of fact. And here I will say that it was nothing less than wonderful how much the Boston people have to say about Omaha's census—its knocking Kansas City and Denver both out so completely. Everybody was anxious to know what prospect there was of our beating prohibition here this fall. Several capitalists told me that if we downed it they had arranged to invest large sums of money in manufacturing and mercantile business in Omaha."

Speaking about the appearance of the guests present at the banquet Mr. Cushing said that to his eye Vice President Morton was the picture of Sol Smith Russell when the latter was doing his act of crying and laughing at one and the same time. He was most impressed with Congressman Boutelle of Malne, whom he described as the most brilliant and entertaining speaker he ever heard.

While in Boston the mayor says he heard that in the North American squadron, then riding in the harbor, was a bat named "The C come a part of the history of that struggle. Continuing his investigation, the mayor found that he was a fourth cousin of Commander Cushing. Upon acquainting the superior officer of the vessel with these facts, that individual honored him by steaming up and giving him a spin of several miles on the ocean.

"It isn'tevery mayor in the country." said Mr. Cushing, "that is hopored with the freedom of a United States war vessel and given a long ride in it, all for his benefit."

Women.

[Henderson (Ky.) Journal.] A lady living in Henderson county, whose

"What do you want heaven to help you for?" asked Edna.

"Because I need help." returned Fred.
A week had passed. Fred had asked Edna to release him from his engagement.
Edna, pale as death, asked him why he wanted to break the engagement.

"Because I love another." Fred had said.
"That is what I thought," sobbed Edna.
Fred left her, mean man, to go and see Nellie Mills. So soon does man's fickle love fade.

HIS SCOOP.

The Able Effort of One of the Earliest Newspaper Reporters. [Philadelphia Ledger.]
John Pendleton, who has compiled a book

on "Newspaper Reporting in the Olden Time and Today," gives this example of how England's great journalist of the 17th century. Nathaniel Butler, kept his readers century. Nathaniel Butler, kept his readers informed: "A perfect mermaid was, by the last great wind, driven ashore near Greenwich, with her comb in one hand and her looking-glass in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most fair and beautiful woman, with her arms crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterward she, gently turning herself upon her back again. Swam away without being seen any more."

Making a Fortune in Two Days. (Chicago Journal.

G. Foreman 200 feet south of 16th st., west front, $129\frac{1}{2}x163\frac{1}{8}$, for \$75,000. On July front, 1294x1634c, for \$75,000. On July 16 E. G. Foreman sold to George W. Henry the same property for \$100,000, and on July 18 George W. Henry resold the same property to F. F. Spencer for \$176,000. The deeds were all filed this forenoon and the above amounts appear as the considerations. Seventy-six thousand dollars for two days' work is considered a fair profit among the dealers

As we sailed into Loch Leven in the

Scottish Highlands at an early hour this misty morning an aged harpist who was aboard our coasting craft plaved with thrilling touch that plaintive Irish melody. "The harp that once through Tara's halls," writes John Swinton to the Sun. The sweet sounds of the old harp swept o'er the foaming waters, through the heathery glens, up the bleak hills toward lofty Ben Nevis, and away toward the beclouded skies,

A Misunderstood Prescription.

[Munsey's Weekly.] Penelope—O, doctor, I have simply been atouts with every one. You cannot imagine

Mr. Cushing, "that is honored with the free dom of a United States war vessel and given a long ride in it, all for his benefit."

The Kind of Stuff You Find in

Whether it's or-a book."

Penelope—O, really, doctor, I would not have my complexion changed for anything.

"Know any of them you will change the entire complexion of affairs.

Penelope—O, really, doctor, I would not have my complexion changed for anything."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. That is the question. You can make some

money-more than you have any idea of-by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

EOSTON MARKETS.

Produce. Boston, Monday, September 1.

She steadily refused to recognize either the statute of limitations or the act of bankruptoy as any bar to debts owing by her husband, and not having the money mortgaged her own home to raise it.

POOR FRED JONES, ESQ.

"Heaven help me!" groaned Fred Jones, Esq. one moonlight night in May. as he knelt by Edna Stuart's chair under the apple tree on the grass.

Poor Fred loved two women, Edna Stuart and Nellie Mills.

He had asked Edna to marry him; he had told her he loved her.

Now since he had seen Nellie Mills he felt a stronger love for her.

What do you want heaven to help you for?" asked Edna.

"I said, 'Heaven help me,'" answered Fred.

"What do you want heaven to help you for?" asked Edna.

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"What do you want heaven to help you for?" asked Edna.

"I said, 'Heaven help me,'" answered Fred.

"What do you want heaven to help you for?" asked Edna.

"Ye and the low grades came in for a share in the general activity. New Cheese—New York extra, # B.

**We quote: New Cheese—New York extra set in the general activity.

**We quote: New Cheese—New York extra set in the general act

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertowa for the week ending Friday, Aug. 29, 1890:
Amount of stock at market—(attle, 3138; sheep and lambs, 15,797; swine, 22,022; veals, 912; horses, 87.
Western sheep and lambs, 9503; Eastern sheep and iambs, 1091; Northern sheep and lambs, 5103.
Prices of Northern and Eastern beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$3.00 to \$6.25.
Prices of Western beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$3.00 to \$6.25.
Prices of Western beef cattle per hundred pounds live weight, ranged from \$3.25 to \$5.26.
PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.
Cents \$1b.
Brighton hides, 4 \$66
Brighton tall'w, 2 \$645
Country tall'w, 2 \$656.
Calfskins... \$256.
Calfskins... \$256.
Pelts... \$15@250

Kate Fields' Washington. nati, I heard the following brief but preg-

nant conversation:
Mrs. A was doubled up over the weeds in her little garden, while Mrs. B was on her way to the "store" for lard.

"Hearn as your Lib was hum from school," said Mrs B.
"Yaas, she be." answered Mrs. A.

ping bonnet, and then replied, her eyes fairly sparkling with maternal pride. "Know anythin'! Why, you can jist snap any of them new-fangled words at that girl, and quick as a wink she can tell you whether it's a little green spot on your liver

the general activity.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, \$7. 75.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, \$7. 75.

\$1.\quad \quad \qquad \quad \

National League Standing.

| That is what I thought, "Sobbed Edna. Fred loft her, mean man, to go and see health fills. So soon does man's fickle love also also belied to be the next evening.
| The property of the property

W.O.L.—The receipts of wool the past week were W.O.L.—The receipts of wool the past week were work as the state of the sta

From Vassar or Wellesley?

"Seem to know anythin'?" Mrs. A rose slowly, pushed back her flap-

Convincing Testimony. (The Jester.)
She-What a chatterbox that Miss Upper-

ten who arrived this morning is. He—How do you know? You said she was a stranger and you certainly did not see her this morning for above two minutes.

She-Well, that was long enough to see that her the rue was sun-burned.

THE UNLUCKY STONE.

From my earliest recollection we had travelled. Travelled the world over, it seemed, my mother and I. We had no kith nor kin but one another, so can the world wonder that we were all in all to each other. My mother's face, although the sweetest and gentlest of faces, was always sad, even gloomy, at times. She always were the deepest of mourning for my father, although I could never get her to mention him. And after several inquiries I ceased to trouble would come over the dear features at the mention of Robert Radcliff. The only jew lev she over wore consisted of two rings. A plain gold wedding ring, and a beautifu opal set in a heavy band of gold. Through Asia. Europe, America, and even to Africa and Australia we had made our way. And whenever in a crowd, or conversing with a stranger. I would notice my mother looking at her opal ring, which she wore on the third

finger of the right hand.

One summer we had wandered through de Russia, had spent some time on the Rhine, and finally brought up in a little town among the mountains of Switzerland. Here my mother was taken ill with a general decline of the heart, as the village doctor called it. I was very much frightened and wanted to telegraph for a celebrated man from Paris, but she said: "No, Carl, do nothing whatsoever. My time has con and I must have you to myself for the few

I would not believe it. It did not seem possible that God could take her from me, "Mother." I said, controlling my emotions for fear of making her worse, "you imagine that you are much worse than you are. You are looking better than I have seen you for some time. Your cheeks are bright red."

Ah, what a fool I was! Death's very sign

I took to be the hue of returning health.
"Carl, I have no time to waste in useless words," she said. "Come and sit by my side and learn why your mother's sad face has darkened your young life. No, do not interrupt my boy. I know how much you think of your mother. Sixteen years ago, when you were a child of four, we lived in a beautiful country home in the north of Ireland. Your father was of that country I did not know, for she had never told me anything about him, but I did not interrupt, and she continued: "Well one night I waited, and waited, for Robert village to buy new carriage horses. The wind blew a gale and the rain fell in tor rents. I walked the floor in an agony of rents. I walked the floor in an agony of fear till 12 o'clock, them called a faithful old servant and told him to harness, and to go with me to look for his master. He thought me crazy, but did as I told him. Put another pillow under my head, Carl. There now I can breathe easier.

"We found him my son; found him all bloody and beaten to death. Foully muraters."

Her face was ghastly, and although shaking in every limb I managed to give her some drops the doctor had left so that she was able to continue. "I cannot tell sable to continue. "I cannot tell re of that dreadful time except that ou more of that dreadful time except that ere never was the slightest clue to the sassin. We never knew that he had an remy in the world. It was not robbery, it his watch and a large amount of money as not touched. You will find papers tell-g you all of that. My part is what I wish tell you now. I lived with you alone, in eold home for one year. One night I hasleep in a chair by the hearth, and id the strangest of dreams. I dreamt a lice said to me:

had the strangest of dreams. I dreamt a voice said to me:

"Take thy child and the opal ring and travel the world over, and when thou dost find thy opal turnest a blood red, then thou wilst be in the presence of thine enemy and thine husband's murderer.

"When I awoke I pondered on it for a while, but came to the conclusion that it was the result of a fevered brain. The next night I had the same dream, and again the next. I then took it as my mission in life to find the man who had foully killed my Robert. I awoke from my apathy, sold the place, and taking you with me started on my pilgrimage. You know the result. Never has my ring changed color. Now, Carl. I am dying, and into your hands I consign this ring, and I ask you by the memory of your murdered father to find the person and bring his crime home to him."

Saying this, she placed the opal with its ine red lines upon my finger and then lay back exhausted.
"I promise mother never to give up the search while there is a breath in my body," I said, intending to find the assassin by modern means instead of superstitious, but I would not pain her by doubting her dream. Three days she lingered, during which time, she told me of her financial standing and that she did not know of a relative in away leaving me alone in the world with a terrible void is my life and an unutterable grief. I saw her buried in the little Swiss burial ground, and then returned to the inn and looked my future in the face. I had £50,000, no friends, and a veritable vendetta. 250,000, no friends, and a veritable vendetta. A week later I started for l'aris, stated my trouble, and had the best detectives to work up a hopeless case. In London I did the same, and then crossed the ocean and followed the same course in New York. The opal ring I were but seldom looked at it. I made several pleasant travelling acquaintances, and had a number of invitations to visit in Washington, Baltimore and other cities in the States. I refused them all and went west to San Francisce, staying there until Jan. I, when I returned to Washington, where I ran across one of my travelling friends, Ray Carrington. I refused all overtures to go into society or to visit Carrington, but when I was taken ill and threatened with pneumonia, my friend had me removed, against my wishes, to his home, where a tall, stately lady smiled graciously upon me, and where I had all the care and devotion possible during a serious illness. This lady, who was Ray's mother, was an angel of mercy to me, a homeless wanderer. One day I was lying on the sofa deluged with shawls, wraps, etc., reading my correspondence from the foreign police offices. Nothing had really been done, although a man had been sent to I reland. So many years had passed they could hold out little hope to me.

A ran at the door, and, "May I come in?" from Ray.

"Of course." I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have brought you a visitor."

ecause I have brought you a visitor." "Because I have brought you a visitor." he said, as he entered with his arm around a beautiful young girl, whom he introduced as bissister Lilian.

I told her she was very kind to visit an invalid, and wondered what they would think if they knew I was hunting down a murderer of 16 years ago. Many happy days passed in spite of illness and vendettas. They insisted upon keeping me for a ball in honor of Lilian's 20th birthday. I found resistance useless, so yielded with as good a grace as possible, although I knew such, gayeties were not for me, and knew such gaveties were not for me, and my mother's death was too recent not to destroy any desire for such pleasures. destroy any desire for such pleasures.

Howeve '. I stayed, and on the evering of the ball arrayed myself in my dress suit and descended to the ball room, which was beautifully decorated with tropical plants and lovely terns. Lilian was receiving her guests by her mother's side. She was dressed in a gown of silvery fabric, which made her look more than ever like the beautiful fairy she was. I easily mingled unnoticed in the crowd.

unnoticed in the crowd.

As I gazed on that brilliant scene I wondered what the dear mother was thinking as she looked down from her home on high. I thought of the little grave in a far away country, of the wendetta left me as a legacy, I thought of the little grave in a far away country, of the vendetta left me as a legacy. Ray broke in upon my meditations and finding it impossible to persuade me to dance said: "Well do take Miss Van Dyke in to supper and relieve me."

I complied and upon entering the supper room removed one glove, as my hand was warm. Upon doing so I glanced at the opal ring, and to my horror noticed that it had become a blood red. What could it mean? I glanced around the room and noticed only a dozen people, but these brilliant society people of Washington. What had they to do with my opal turning red? I must be mistaken. No: it was a deep blood red. I noticed Ray's uncle among the crowd: a tall, dark man, conversing with a lady: and I mechanically watched him leave the room, then glanced at my ring and, great heavens! my blood seemed turning to ice, for the ring had resumed its original color. I escorted Miss Van Dyke back to the ballroom and delivered her to a partner. Then I sought an introduction to Ray's uncle. "Mr. Radcliff," he exclaimed, and I saw him start, "where was your home, if I may ask?" "In the north of Ireland," I replied, "and my father was Robert Radcliff," I noticed my ring had again become red, which fact dispolled all doubt from my

phed, and my inches was hover haden. I noticed my ring had again become red which fact disuelled all doubt from my mind. Notwithstanding how ridiculous i seemed. I continued "Mr. Carrington. would like a few words with you private ""."

Not tonight," he stammered, "but to morrow at 10 a. m." "Very well," I re-plied, and then sought the smoking room to be able to think. Lillian's uncle. She to be able to think. Lillian's uncle. She to whom my heart had gone out was the neice of the murderer of my father, for I had aith that I had found the man. I rettred that night to get little or no sleep, to wonder what I should sav and do to Howard Carrington, and what motive he could have had for such a deed.

The next morning I called at his residence promptly at 10 o'clock, and was told by his

must be very tired. A horrible suspicion came over me, and I told the man to come with me, for we must break in the door.

We easily did so, and there, with his head

on his arm, leaning on his desk, was Carington. Then to our horror we saw a stream of blood on the floor and a revolver near it. We wentto him and found him dead. The bullet had done its deadly work. On the desk lay an envelope addressed to Carl R. Radcliff. I opened it and read:

"Mr. Radcliff. You have tracked me at last. How I cannot imagine, for I never supposed there was a single clue. Now I know my time has come. I am tired of being hounded by remorse and should have made way with myself before long anyway. I killed your father nearly 17 years ago in freiand. I had fallen passionately in love with your mother long before she knew of your father. She rejected me with scorn because I drank. When she married kadcliff I was wild with jealousy. Still I never sheuld nave done him harm if it hadn't been for meeting him that dark night all alone. I was mad with drink, and the deed was done before I realized the crime. I have never since touched a drop of liquor. No one suspected Mr. Carrington, the tourist, of such a deed, and after some time I came here to my friends. Now you know all—H.C."

I never told my friends of this letter or of the crime. Thay thought is

KISSING VICTORIA'S HAND.

Some Things It Would be Well to Know of England.

Street control of the street o

THE SEX ARE QUEER.

Two Menand Two Women in a Lonely Railway Station.

is then in a position to ring fares honestly all next day and be \$5 ahead of the com-pany at night. The only way now to beat the honest street car conductor is to make the counting capacity of the register 100-000. or handcuff him to some other honest man hired to watch him day and night.

Early Autumn Toilets

[New York Sun 1 The materials for the early autumn toilets conversation between them.
"Jane," called out one of the old maids. are very light-hued cloth and flannel, interwoven with coarse lines of color in plaids who was at the head of the stairs, "Oh, woven with coarse lines of color in Jane."

and checks or different shades of blue, gray

and checks or different shades of blue, gray

"Well?" answered Jane. size of a shilling. A fancy for terra cotta mixtures is displayed by English tailors, but bine, in its various shades of navy and Orleans, promises to be the color par excellence. All these materials are made up simply, the jacket bodices fastened with a double row of buttons, and the fourreau skirt cut on the cross.

Springfield Republican's Turtle Outdone.

[Altoona, (Penn.) Times.] Jacob Burget of Union township, Bedford county, found a large turtle in his meadow few days ago bearing date of 1761, and some letters nearly obliterated, the initials being all that could be deciphered. C. F. Lingafelter of Claysburg, was in the vicinity of the find and vouches for the truth of the story.

The Stove Went Out. [New York Weekly.] Mistress (during a heated term)-Get dinner today on the gasoline stove, Bridget. Bridget-Plaze, mum, I did thry, but the

Mistress - Try again, then. Bridget-Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough the roof, HIGH FOREHEADS

Not Always an Indication of Brain Power.

Look at Grant. Sheridan. Helmes. Howells. Gladstone and Emerson.

Some of the Common Blunders in Reading Men's Faces.

[Louisville Courier Journal.]

all—H.C."

I never told my friends of this letter or of the crime. They thought it temporary usanity. I now felt free to offer myself to Lillian, and to my joy and astonshment was accepted. Eighteen months from the time of her uncle's death Lillian became my wife. I have always worn the opal ring, which has never changed its color since it showed me my father's murders.

Everybody is more or less of a physiognomist. We all flatter ourselves that we can read character in the features, though most of us would find it hard to write down the opal ring. We judge from the general contour of the face, and not so much by the formation of the features as by the predominant expression of the whole. the predominant expression of the whole. Two faces may be modeled exactly alike, same shape and size of nose, same kind of eye and lips, same foreheads and hair, and yet we can see at a glance that the characif You Think of Calling On the Queen | ters are quite opposite. How is this? Training, cultivation, the influence of circumstances, greater power of will, have operated

music, poetry and moral sentiment highl developed. Some time look at his profil and you will then perceive that if his hai would not be more than an inch or two visible. The gentleman does not happen to be famous as an auther or philanthropist. He runs a saloon on the Bowery, and has dwelt at Sing Sing as a harborer of thieves

Two Men and Two Women in a Lonely Railway Station.

(New York Sun.)

There were four passengers of us who got off at a country junction to wait two hours for the train on the other line—two men and two women. None of us had ever seen each other before. The station was little better than a barn, with no house nearer than a quarter of a mile. The women gave each other a look and entered the waiting recom, where they sat down as far apart as possible.

"Well. old boy," remarked the strange man to me. "Have a smoke,""

"You bet."

And in two minutes we were well acquinited, and playing cuche tack that had a point the women gave shadow of a box-car. He dight take me shadow of a box-car. He dight take me shadow of a box-car. He dight take me first half hour the two women glared at each other. Neither would speak first. Each was afraid of the other. One looked out aloo a turnin field and the other into a muster du couracte to approach the doer and look out, but always to return to her eat again. Only one had a watch. She consulted it every five minutes, but the entire look of all was a far and the worker, as woeden pail, half full of warm watch she other dared not ask her what time it was a mother of each gain. Only one had a watch. She other dared not ask her what time it was a mother of each other had a bundle of shells and visited and resided and visited and read and the other had a bundle of shells and visited and read and and a case way to be at the bell Punch. Found a Way to Beat the Bell Punch is the machine till it has counted of the which he rings till the register indicates by the tank may have dead the store which he rings till the register indicates it may be a shadow of the company at minute. The only way now to beat the bell punch. He goes off to some secluded spot at might, notes the number indicated by the register, which he rings till the register indicates a strongly marked temperature. The produced what he are the produced when a proposition of the produced where the produced where the produced when

No Bot Water.

[New York Times.]
A stock broker who was recently in Maine was impressed very greatly with the extreme cleanliness of the hotel at which he was a guest during a brief stay in the town of Kittery. It was kept by two old maiden ladjes. One morning the broker heard a

"Get some hot water from the kettle and fetch it up here. I want to scrub the "They am't no hot water in the kettle."
"What no hot water in the kettle?" surprisedly.
"No. No hot water in the kettle"—sadly.
"No. No hot water in the kettle?"—

sharply.
"No. No hot water in the kettle!"-very sadly.
"Well, I'll be durned!" An Umpire's Peril.

"No. No hot water in the "What! no hot water in the

[Buffalo Courier.]
The lot of the umpire in an amateur base ball game is usually a very unhappy and likewise a dangerous one. In a contest recently played in a town not many miles from Buffalo between the home team and a visiting club the umpire was compelled to decide several close decisions against the local nine, and though the crowd became greatly excited no harm beful the autocrat of the diamond up to the last half of the night inning.

of the diamond up to the last half of the ninth inning.

The score at that juncture was 9 to 8. in favor of the visitors, with the home team at bat. The first man up got a base on balls, the second singled, and 2 sacrifice advanced each a base. A repetition of the four-ball act filled the bags. The next batter fauned out to the chagrin of the batter fauned out to the chagrin of the crowd, who began to think that the umpire clothing for winter wear.

intended to rob the home club of the game. The cli ax was reached when the third man had two strikes and three balls called on him. The excitement was at fever heat, for the next ball pitched meant defeat or victor.

or the next ball pitched meant defeat or victory.

Straight as an arrow came the sphere temporarily prepared to call "third strike, side out," the batsman swung around with his club and knocked the bill over the fence. The sensation of joy experienced by that umpire was of a very joyous kind, as he comprehended how near he had come to death's door. He never tires of telling the story, but avers that he will never umpire another ball game.

There is No Opium Put in

Them.

Them.

Them.

It is the Fumes of the Burning Paper

That Hurts the User.

That FEARCE NUBIAN LION."

SNAIL AND ROSE BUSH.

A Charming Tale of the Time When the Earth was Young-To Live for Ourselves or for Others.

Around the garden ran a bedge of hazel bushes; outside were fields and meadows filled with cows and sheep, but in the midst of the garden stood a blooming rose bush. Under this sat a snail. Now snails have much in little, having themselves in themselves. "Only wait till my time comes." said this one. "I will do more than merely put forth roses, bear nuts, or give milk like cows and sheep. "I expect very much from you." said the

rose bush. "May I ask when it will be

where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be where there are a few grains of the nourisa-ing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor

passive things, with very little will of their own and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whisper-The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them as they talked with each other, and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and hack. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground many-armed, polypus-like creature which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it well into your heads and you will find it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his "Forest Scenery," but don't forget that they are only the appendage of the underground vegetable p lypus, the true organism to which they belong.

ÆSOP IMPROVED.

Some Old Fables Which Need New Morals on Them. (Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

A Woodchopper, who had dropped his axe into a deep pool, besought Mercury to reover it for him. That thoughtless deity immediately plunged into the pool, which became so salivated that the trees about its margin all came loose and dropped out, The Sun and the North Wind disputed

The Sun and the North Wind disputed which was the most powerful, and acreed that he should be declared the victor who could soonest strip a Traveller of his clothes. So they waited until a Traveller came by. But the Traveller had been in discreet enough to stay overnight at a hotel, and had no clothes.

SMOKING CIGARETTES.

Spanish and Brazilian Girls Expert in Making and Smoking Them.

Pittsburg Dispatch.1

well as the most primitive, records of it are is composed of young gentlemen ranging well as the most primitive, records of the found among the Samoan Islanders, who when first known rolled a few twigs of dried tobacco leaf in a green leaf from a tree, lit tobacco leaf in a green leaf from a tree lit tobacco leaf in a green leaf from a it and smoked it for a few whiffs, and then in more senses than one. Some who took threw it away to roll another; the other in-stance is the inhabitants of Cuba, who threw it away to roll another; the other instance is the inhabitants of Cuba, who when discovered were found to be smoking to bacco rolled in a dried maize leaf. The name cigarette was not evolved until comparatively recent years, and is derived from paratively recent years, and is derived from full of sawdust and chopped straw. With full of sawdust and chopped straw. name cigarette was not evolved until comparatively recent years, and is derived from cigarros, which in turn is derived from full of sawdust and chopped straw, With this the ring was made. One boy managed the recommendation of the r done?"

"I take my time," said the snail. "You are always in such haste—that does not strain expectation."

In the following year the snail lay in almost the same spot under the rose bush, must the same spot under the rose bush.

The Main Part of a Tree is That

Which is Underground.

[Oliver Werdell Holmes in the Atlantic.]

Yes, a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink! Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourish.

In Yucatan men, women and children smoke, and hundreds of girls are employed in making cigarettes. The better class of people make their own, and in town, village and city the ladies may be seen sitting being that the prison-like gratings of the windows of the houses defuly rolling uptobacco in a small piece of maize husk and smoknats the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it far surpassing that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk as it that the toasting of the maize husk and smoknation in the smoke. In Yucatan men, women and children smoke, and hundreds of girls are employed in making cigarettes. The better class of people make their own, and in town, village and city the ladies may be seen sitting beautiful the prison-like grating of the windows of the hourish.

deft, quick motion and convey it to the mouth.

It is almost impossible to describe this achievement. The tobacco is gathered in a pinch in the paim of the hand, the husk being held in the tingers, a jerk of the wrist turning the hand under drops it on the husk, and the two first fingers and thumb roll it up. They cannot do the trick at all if they try to do it slowly. In Brazil the cigarette is also wrapped in maize husk and is omnipresent, and a traveller newly landed and taking a ride on a surface car, receives a severe shock when a richly dressed young lady on a seat in front of him turns around and asks the loan of his cigar to light the cigarette she has rolled with one hand in the recesses of her pocket.

Previous to 1867 we had only the Cuban make to supply our then very limited wants, but in the midwinter of 1867 two Armenians came as emigrants from Constantionels to New York They ware the Armenians came as emigrants from Constantinople to New York. They were the Redrossian brothers, and they brought with

stantinople to New York. They were the Bedrossian brothers, and they brought with them a stock of 100 bounds of genuine Turkish tobacco for the purpose of introducing it. In February, 1867, they hired a store, and with two workmen commenced the manufacture of Turkish digarettes, unknowingly laying the foundation stone of the present industry. About 1872 the industry began to beom; in 1877-8 they commenced to be exported to England; in 1885 pictures were first given away, and in 1890, with a yearly output of about 2,200,000,000 cigarettes, the five principal firms formed a grand combination under the name of the American Tobacco Company.

As regards the methods of production employed by the principal firms there is little to be said except that, notwithstanding all sensational reports to the contrary, the system of health, sanitation and cleanliness is perfect, and that only the finest quality of leaf is used, combined with nothing but the necessary amount of moisture required to work the tobacco. What method the factories making the very cheap goods may employ is immaterial, as their combined output is very limited, but the principal factories are above suspicion in this respect. England gets her supply from America. John Bull knows a good article when he meets it.

As regards the paper used for wrapping

meets it.
As regards the paper used for wrapping

discrete mough to stay overlight at a botel, and had no clothes.

A famishing Wolf, passing the door of a citage in the forest, heard a Mother say to her base, it is not made of rice, but ethics the property of the propert

be injurious in a smaller degree, but the smoke of these is not generally taken into the lungs. An absurd idiotic fashion has decreed that the smoke of the cigarette must be inhaled, and any excess in this direction is generally to be found among the peculiar type which can best be spared in any community, it being eminently survival of the fittest. It is especially worthy of note in this connection, that in the Turkokussian war, the men who fought so gallantly, handicapped by insufficient ration and clothing amid all the rigors of a Balkan winter, were to a man, confirmed cigarette

The Boys Play Circus-One Cent to Go In, Two Cents for a Reserved Seat-The Ringmaster's Whip Makes Trouble.

[New York Evening Sun.] The West Nyack Amusement Company The origin of the cigarette is unknown as far as I can learn, and the two earliest, as the locality as the "knoll." The company

Here The Gold in Section 1. Secti

There are women today to years old sun living in the pernicious books they read. They started with bad books in their teems. They follow bad heroines, and may, according to their now diseased minds, find themselves an improvement on the creatures they imitate. They are, if not actively increased. they imitate. They are, if not actively vicious, silly, unnatural creatures whom everybody ridicules and no one respects. I know a young woman who has been acting out French novels all her days to the best of her ability, with the result of dressing like a guy when she means to be artistic, acting like a coarse woman when she means to be a siren, and talking absurdities when she means to be enchanting.

THAT M'KINLEY BILL. How a Young Wife Would Settle the

Father, and Fails.

Lively Society Drama in One Act and a Quick Curtain. [New York World.] CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

AUGUSTUS PONSONBY. THE OLD MAN. TIME-TODAY AT 8 P. M. Ponsonby-Aw-good evening, Miss Brin

EDITH BRINDLE.

Edith (meeting him in the hall)-Why, it's

Ponsonby (feeling for his mustache)-Ne.

that is, I don't know much about the The good or woe he may bestow he cares in Catskills.

Edith (with superior knowledge)—Lake degree,

Edith (with superior knowledge)—Lake degree,

He leaped into the air, roared and then seized a large bone and commenced to knaw it in a nierce, blood-curding way.

At this moment a female voice could be heard caling "Henry". The effect on the "Fearce Nubian Lion" was remarkable. His ferocity vanished. He dropped the bone he had been grawing and glanced apprehensively "Henry" had proceeded steadily since the first. The voice came nearer. And as it sounded just outside the enclosure the spirit of that roaring lion seemed to fail him entirely. He essayed to crawl in among the bushes and hide away.

Before he could accomplish this a determined-looking woman with fire is her eye came in. The lion made a frantic blunge into a thicket. Before he could get out of sight, he coattalls and pulled him noac into the arena. Then amid the snickers of performers and spectators alike, the "Fearce Nubian Lion, King of the Gaugle," was led away by hee ar, his red fiannel mane flanbring in the breeze behind him. And as he disappeared a determined voice muttered: "I'll learn you to take out my good quilts and get them all dirt and dust."

Women Whose Course is Shaped by Frivolous Literature.

[Mande Andrews in Atlanta Constitution.]

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Women whose course is Shaped by Frivolous Literature.

[Mande Andrews in Atlanta Constitution.]

Word the permicus books they read. The condition of the permicus books into her white hands. There is little read the country be? On the permicus books into her white hands. There is little read the permicus books they read. The started with bad books in their teeps.

They follow had heroines, and many, accordant to the row diseased minds, find them all the road the permi

Edith—You were saying that in case of war—
Ponsonby—Yaas; in case of war (happy thought), I would be the first to go.
Edith (tenderly)—And this "girl lin particular" what would she say?
Ponsonby—That I eught to go.
Edith (rising haughtily)—She would be quite right. Beautiful night for a walk, Mr. Pensonby.
Ponsonby (seizing his hat and cane)—Lovely, isn't it? When may I hope for the pleasure—

Pleasure-Edith-Such a beautiful night. The old man-Edith! Ponsonby (hurriedly) — Aw — aw — good

(Falls down the stoop as the door closes with a bang.)

AN EVENING CALL.

Ponsonby Makes Progress

With Miss Edith.

He Tries to Talk Business with Her Rather, and Fails.

Pan EVENING CALL.

ruffle her and too often make her look, as we say, 'old before her time." Now, even when this does not happen she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with.

Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young, to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be 'the guide, philosopher and friend."

The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and tender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Just in Time. [Chicago Evening Post. Since marriage is a lottery, as all the world must know,
And Uncle Sam has now declared that letteries The brave and forward lovers who have mustered

To wed the ones they wanted may now think them-

up the pluck

Their Parting Thoughts. [Chicago Evening Post.] They stood beside her father's gate; He talked of pure, undying love, As constant and inviolate
As were the stars that shone above. They parted and she thought; "Kind fate!

His love shall be my life's pure pearl."
He thought: "I'm sorry it's toe late
To go and see my other girl." To Summer Maids-An Adaptation. [Tom Hall in Munsey's Weekly.]

Old Time is still a flying:
And this same lad who loves today Afar may soon be hieing. The glorious orb of night, the moon, Will lend his aid unto you,
And now that Autumn comes so soon, Coquette not-let them woo you

Gather ve sweethearts while ye may.

'Tis better twenty rings to wear, That mean each one a wedding. Than have the gray threads tinge your hair While maiden walks you're treading. Her Letter.

[Warren Tribune.]

The postman's leather satchel he carries carelessly And circulars of soap, cigars, lace surtains, corcures, pills.

Down in the postman's satchel, well hid from pre-Ponsonby-Not exactly in them (feeling ingeyes, that he must get out of it somehow), but And buried deep beneath the heap a little letter lies. Does it bring a waiting maiden love from a lover

gone atar?
No; better than that. It brings her a fat large check from her dear papa.

> My Love. [Somerville Journal.] She may not be the bonniest lass In all the world-I doubt it-She is to me; but let that pass, We won't dispute about it. I only know to me she seems The fairest, purest, sweetest, The very ideal of my dreams,

Of women the completest,

She rouses all the better part Of me to strong endeavor; Long years ago she won my heast And it is her's forever. She has a faithful slave in me, No queen I own above her. I know not what her charm may be, I only know-I love her.

[C. W. M. in Indianapolis News.] She threw me a kiss. But why did she throw it? What pains me is this— She threw me a kiss. Ah, what chances we miss, If we only could know it.
She threw me a kiss.
But why did she throw it? Any girl might have known
When 1 stood there so near—
And we two alone— Any girl might have known
That she needn't have thrown!
But, then, girls are so queer;

I Wonder Why.

A German Poem. [Mary Espy Thompson.] Twas a little German poem. But the music of its flowing Set my thoughts in measure going. And they sang when it was ended. Sang it lightly, over, over-

Any girl might have known

When I stood there so near.

Dainty rhythmic trifle seemed it-But 'twas like a tune that haunts us, And when we would name it, daunts us, Till we half believe we've dreamed it. Some air sprite of love a-dreaming. And a poet, swift to hear it, Echoed softly, while his spirit,

This the little German poem-Never toiling thought could win is-It has all the sweet surprising Of a lark's song upward rising, And the breath of morn is in it. A Garden Party.

(Frank Dempster Sherman in Independent.) The flowers are ladies gayly dressed They come in silks of every shade, In laces, velvets and brocade; And almost every lady fair Has dewdrop diamonds in her hair. My servants are the butterfies They wait upon the people well. And while they serve the cups of tea. Bows to the audience, and sings Some pretty operatic things. And so I entertain my friends

And all the dearest I invite To be my guests and spend the night. Vilanelle. [H. D. Lowry in New York Ledger.] These half-blown roses, yesternight, My lady gathered laughingly—

Until the yellow daylight ends;

A crimson rosebud, and a white. She smothered them with fern-leaves quite, Till through the green you scarce sould see These half-blown roses, yesternight. Her face was flushed with rosy light On each fair cheek shone charmi A crimson rosebud, and a white.

I cannot surely tell aright With what sweet grace she gave to me These half-blown roses, yesternight; Gave me, in pledge of all delight. That in the coming days shall be A crimson rosebud, and a white.

Lady, my days are golden-bright,

Because you plucked, half playfully,

These half-blown roses, yesternight,

A crimson resebud, and a white In a Hammock. [New Orleans Times-Democrat.] O. her lips are like a bow, Don't you know?

And she's swinging to and fro;

While below.

Half concealed beneath the trees. I can watch her at my ease, Envying the careless breeze— Gently blow. Touch her like a soft caress, She's so fair!

With her shimmering golden dress,
And her hair Curled in tiny ringlets tender— All my fealt I lend her,
Nor by word or thought offend her-Debonuair. With her childlike, questioning eyes, True and deep,
Opening in their aweet surprise;

Angels come to childhood's dreaming; So, o'er her sweet visions teeming Softly creep— Hush! she's humming soft and low Chansenette--How I wonder does she know--

As from sleep Flow'rets lift a chalice gleaming,

I forget neognito—her hummin Set my very heart-strings three O! I say! her mother's coming!

Now I get,

BALFOUR'S PAUL PRYS.

Police Spies as They are Seen in Ireland.

Protest of an Indignant Yankee at the Cove of Cork.

Peelers ather Humphreys' "Shadows"—Peelers Afraid of Boston.



Steaming lup Queenstown harbor on a did lovely morning a few weeks ago on the deck of the good steamer Majestic. passing between the frowning forts of Camden and Carlisle, my heart was gladdened at catching sight of old Cove and hearing the words of admiration which burst from the lips of my fellow-passengers on beholding the fair, green fields of the Landing at the deep water quay in Queens

lown, the passengers were hurried across the road to the Custom House, in the doorway of which stood a policeman, who felt the pockets and clothing generally of every-body landing, for that continual nightmare of British officialdom-American revolvers. Having run the gauntlet safely, I was strolling around the Custom House, while the examination of the luggage by the cusms officers was proceeding, when my ears taught the words-pronounced in an unmisakable Yankee accent, and with that orce of expression for which America is so

"I don't care a d-n, sir, what your duty I don't care a d-n, sir, what your duty B. I am not accustomed to such treatment, and I tell you I won't stand it eicher."

Turning in the direction of the speaker I became aware that the person addressed was none other than the inevitable Irish policeman, intent on discovering danger to the British constitution in the sight of an American citizen.

American citizen.

The care of his toilet seemed to be his principal duty, his hair being well oiled and parted in the middle, not a hair being allowed to stray out of its proper position; and his little cap clung over his left ear, together with the air of authority he assumed, forced an observer to the conclusion that oppressing the people of Ireland must be a paying business.

be a paying business.

It was not with his appearance, however, suggestive as that was of the coxcomb. that my Yankee friend was quarreling, but with the series of impertinent questions with which he was plying him, in common with the other passengers, and which is done to every passenger landing at Queenstown, where policemen are specially assigned for such work. Ich work. Listening for a moment I found that the ollowing dialogue was taking place

following dialogue was taking place between the pair:
Policeman—What is your name?
"John Jones."
"The United States of America."
"How long have you lived there?"
"Forty years."
"Where were you born?"
"In Fortiand, Me."
"What is your business, and where are you going."

And he told the truth. No one can travel for 24 hours in Ireland without being struck with the manner in which the people are being dragooned, as it is hoped into submission but which really only makes them more determined in their resistance to

sion. outspoken manner in which the

The outspoken manner in which the American had expressed his contempt for Britain and British institutions, would, in the case of a "mere Irishman." have been rank treason, and been rewarded with a term on the plank bed. In the eyes of British officials, however, American citizenship covers a multitude of sins, and no one awakens a more wholesome respect in their minds than an American who says what he thinks, and is not afraid to sneak out.

who says what he thinks, and is not afraid to speak out.

They may detest him but they as certainly fear him, or rather the government which stands behind him. It is safe enough to bully an Irishman, but it might prove unpleasant to bully an American citizen, therefore the bullying official subsides.

The information thus collected by these policemen is entered in a notebook, and kept for future reference, and if the movements of the person should awaken any suspicion afterwards this information may be useful in locating him.

Of course they cannot see that it is possible to "bluff" them, or give them wrong names, which as a matter of fact is done in nine cases out of 10.

say was leaning over his shoulder and reading what he wrote.
Our departure was evidently wired to Limerick Junction, for on alighting from the railroad carriage at that place, which is about four miles from New Tipperary, two policemens were at once by our side.

While we were that meet on the theorem at the feel of Cerk.

My friend remarked to me in the hearing of the "shadow":
"This is an experience you don't often have in bostom. I am sure. The people there are not in the habite of being spied.

At the mention of the word Boston the shadow pricked up his ears and seeme to shrink several mehes in size.

My friend and igot out of the car and when the follow he keet his head continually out time in which to form one's impressions of the manner in which a country is governed, but I have seen ou man who did not take even haif that time to become disgusted with British rule in Ireland, and to cirve expression to that discussion to that discuss this price as a continual to the team of lirish athletes who visited Boston. Under the continual to the team of lirish athletes who visited Boston. Under the continual two behind. When we stone for cible than polite.

Che was again within half a yard of us and to king a dien to new Tipperary and started for Malow, but have seen on man who did not take even haif that time to become disgusted with British rule in Ireland, and to sirve expression to that discuss the price of the manner of the continual type of the same of the manner of the continual type of the same of the continual type of the continua

grew? You spend months darting up and down, in and out here amid the bows and Storm King." fancy was colonial history, leaned back on the bench by the tiller and was lost in thought. The valley of the Hudson was



SNAP SHOT PICTURE OF REV. DAVID HUMPHREYS AND HIS UNINVITED BUT IN-SEPARABLE COMPANIONS.

large mart erected by the Tenants' Defence Association for the tenants evicted by Smith Barry, M. P., and named in honor of William O'Brien, M. P. Here again our shadows kept us company. While we were looking over the Arcade, lev. David Humphreys, a Catholic clergynan of the town entered, and on either side f him was a policeman, who never leave im for a moment when he is outside him with house.

wn house. He was at the time on his way to the furch to hear confessions, it being Satur-ty, and he was followed in this way to the furch door and met again when he came

out.

He is a magnificent type of the "Soggarth Aroon," standing upwards of 6 feet high, athietic and wiry. He entered into the fight on behalf of the evicted tenants in Tipperary against Smith Barry, with the full consent of his patriotic archbishop. Most Rev. Dr. Croke of Cashel, and it is safe to say that when all is said and done he will not have the worst of it. Tyrants or backsliders dread his eloquent pen and cutting tongue. For with him the way of the transgressor against the national the transgressor against the national movement in Tipperary is hard. He has been a host in himself throughout

the struggle, and as a consequence he has been honored with a brace of "shadows" by Dublin Castle. His blue eyes kindled when I said to him:



be useful in locating him.

Of course they cannot see that it is possible to "bluff" them, or give them wrong him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the train and travelling him cases out of 10. Getting into the country of certification of the soirt of militarism which revived in the source of the soirt of militarism which revived had one of the soirt of the country of every hand. At the smallest wayside start of the property hand. At the smalle

taken is most amusing.

Mr. Baltour having denied that Father Humbhreys was shadowed, an arrangement was come to between the reverend gentleman and Patrick O'Brien, M. P., that the matter should be placed beyond the possi-

their treatment of Americans and Irishmen you g, ahead, and you will find they will not follow you because they know where you came from."

My companions stopped where they were, and so did the escort; I walked on, and, just as ne had said, not one of them followed me. When they came up, after some time, we walked along the streets of the new town, and everywhere we went they were with us.

When we went to Dobbyn's Hotel to have dinner two policemen stood outside and patiently waited, in a drenching downpour of rain, till we emerged, when they followed in our wake again. My friends, in order to let me see the lengths to which the practice is carried, walked a few hundred yards to the Catholic church and entered, the policemen following them to the door, and remaining there till they came out.

In crossing the street they halted midway, and the policemen halted likewise. They "What is your business, and where are you going."
"What is your business, and where are you going."
"What is your business, and where are you going."
"What is your business, and where are you going."
"It is was which put the Maine man on his mettle, and called forth the indignant protest to which I have rederred.
It was in vain that the officious policeman andeavored to persuade him that he was merely doing his during the traceller when the your devertible that he went to Dobbyn's Hotel to have merely doing the street that the officious policeman was merely doing the weight of the foot as he walked around and declared that such an outrage on peaceable travellers he had never witnessed before.

His parting shot to the policeman was received when the policemen did the policemen did the policemen did the sum of the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment, and the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the policemen did the same. They then entered a licensed establishment and the pol

such an open manner as this, was unknown previous to Mr. Balfour becoming chief

retary.
p to that time if a man was shadowed

secretary.

Up to that time if a man was shadowed he was none the wiser of it. Nobody enjoyed the luxury of a police escort, except those who, on account of their opposition to the great majority of the people, were supposed to be in personal dancer and needed police protection.

Such persons always experienced considerable difficulty in zetting anybody to buy from or sell to them, and the same difficulty is now sometimes experienced by the man shadowed.

Unless he happens to be well known the presence of his police escort by his side, in a fair or market, is accepted as conclusive proof that he is an emergency man (a person held in the greatest detestation), or some other enemy of the people, and, therefore, a man to be shunned. And the police, who claim that they are desirous of putting an end to boycotting, wink at the boycotting of the person who happens to be their quarry. A case in point occurred a few weeks axo at Fermoy, County Cork.

A young man named Kent, who had undergone several terms of imprisonment because of his connection with the national movement, was endeavoring to sell some cattle at Fermoy fair.

His "shadow" received orders from his superior officer to allow no words of Kent's escape his hearing during the day, and in pursuance of the order he placed himself by Kent's side and followed him through the fair. When Kent would be endeavoring to make sale of the cattle the policeman would interfere, and in the guise of a friend of Kent pretend to assist in making the bargain.

Two or three times he interfered in his manner and each time the interding nur-

bargain.
Two or three times he interfered in this

Two or three times he interfered in this manner, and each time the intending purchaser, becoming suspicious that the selier was unpopular and under police protection, refused to buy the cattle.

Kent, at length becoming enraged, went to the district inspector of police who had given orders to shadow him, and pointing out to him that the "shadow" had repeatedly prevented the sale of the cattle by his interference, expressed his determination to "shadow" the district inspector in the same way the policeman was shadowing him, unless his own shadow was withdrawn.

This the inspector refused to do, and then the novel sight was witnessed of the inspector going about the fair, followed at the same distance by Kent as Kent was by the policeman.

same distance by Kentas Kent was by the policeman.

The inspector warned him to desist and on his refusing, unless his own shadow was first taken away, he was arrested.

When his case came on for trial it was proven that the policeman, who was detailed to watch him, had, on several occasions during the day, while Kent was endeavoring to sell his cattle, come up and laying his hand on Kent's shoulder interfered and prevented the sale of the cattle. Not a word of censure was there for the action of the policeman from the magistrates, who demanded a pledge from Kent that he would not repeat the "offence" of anadowing the inspector.

He at first refused to give any promise, unless he received a similar one from the police, but on being threatened with imprisonment if he persisted in refusing, he finally consented to give the pledge required.

This is one of the means used by the gov-

quired.
This is one of the means used by the gov-

and yet its members have the audacity to charge the Irish people with being turbulent and troublesome.

It is a system specially designed for the annovance and persecution of the people. or such of them as are not prepared to bow down and worship Mr. Balfour as the savior of their country.

of their country.

It is a system specially designed for the annovance and persecution of the people of their country.

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It is a system specially designed for the annovance and persecution of the people of the pe

By EMORY J. HAYNES.

frowns of Crow's Nest, Dunderburg and

My friend, a scholarly idler, whose pet

visible by a turn of the head through more

heir?"
Old Pete stared hard at us.
"Whe said anything about any bride?" he

If you were to turn off the light in my chamber I should immediately awaken from the soundest slumber. This habitude came with our first baby in the nome. can also sleep better with a little noise going on, for the same reason. Silence is to me

The cave was the profoundest silence, the

man's answer.
That darkness! Shall I ever chase its

"Queer tales of Mr. Hudson, eh?"

"Yes." answered my friend, as his steam yacht shot along the glassy niver, dodging in and out among canal-boat villages, schooners, ice barges, lordly steamers and a world of small sail. "Tell me, have you never encountered a real, nerve-creeping legend along here among these Highland shadows? Some companion tale to the wraith out of which Rip Van Winkle

than 50 miles from the Catskills on the north to the Fishkill Highlands to the south of us. We were at that moment between New Hamburg and Poughkeepsie. That marvel, the most remarkable bridge in the world save one, reached out like a spider's relations that have hitherto existed beweb from shore to shore above the gleam-ing water. A few spires of Poughkeepsie pierced the green upon our right. The cas-valuable game chicken that was hatched in ties of rich men peeped at us from the verdure-ciad banks, and here and there from a velvet park the Yankee liberty pole held aloft the red, white and blue, fluttering in

WHICH IS THE MOTHER P

The Hen That Laid the Reg or the Hen See Heavilland the Heavilland Heavillan velvet park the Yankee liberty pole held aloft the red, white and blue, fluttering in the suitry midsummer sheen.

"Why, yes, indeed!" suddenly exclaimed my friend. "We'll go ashore there. Old you never hear of Tromp's caver. Capt. Kidd's money. Did you never hear of Tromp's cavern? We'll go ashore." And promotly the graceful little craft began to spring in toward a small cove that sweeps in a few miles below Poughkeepsie, on the east bank.

"There's an old chap here who once volunteered to lead me in there." said my friend. "Ah, there's his hut., up there among those coves of arbor vite."

We soon got a dollar or two into old Pete Puyster's hand, and unlocked his tongue. Yes, there were countless millions in there. He had seen the chamber where the iron pots were hid. Why did he not lift a pot or two out? He shook his head. We pressed our question. Why should he be taking rare dollars from visitors, or begging up and down the highway, if he knew where there were nots of money?

It took considerable of this questioning to get from Puyster this somewhat startling reply: "Ye see! I'm the great grandchild of 'zeek Watt. Tromp—him as the cave is named after, in these parts. Well. Yeek, he is, or was, the child of Capt. Kidd and—and"—and the old fellow paused. His bronze cheek bones lest their color, the only spots on his bearded face that could pale with emotion. It took another dollar from my friend's prodigal hand to open the old fellow's livs again.

After an interval of deep meditation he later an interval of deep meditation he later an interval of deep meditation he later and interval of deep meditation he later an interval of deep meditation he later an interval of deep meditation he later and in the rear of his house and bring the house. Mr. Gormley and of James Gorm-lev is head. We pressed out the head whi

hatched a brood of chickens, and among them was one that gave evidence of game blood. Several days later McCaughn noticed the stranger in Gormley's coop, and immediately put in a claim for it on the ground that one of his fancy hens must have flown over into Gormley's yard and laid an egg in Gormley's hen's nest. On this theory he claimed the chicken. There was no doubting that the chicken was of the same breed as McCaughn's chickens, but Gormley said he was blessed if he would give it up. He admired the chicken, he offered to pay McCaughn's claim on the bird was offset by the fact that one of his hens had worked 21 days to hatch the egg. McCaughn would not accept this offer. He wanted the chicken, and he was willing to pay Gormley a reasonable price for the services of his hen in hatching the egg, and for whatever corn and other food the chicken had eaten. Gormley rejected McCaughn's offer, and words passed between the neighbors. my friend's prodigal hand to open the old fellow's lips again.

After an interval of deep meditation he arose feebly, tottered in to his hut, brought out an ancient Dutch Bible and said:

Gentlemen. swear on this that you will never reveal what I'm' bout to show you. I'm getting very old. I'm 91 in August. I can't last much longer. I may as well tell tafore I die."

We declined to swear but gave the patri-We declined to swear but gave the patriarch another dollar. Avarice is the sin of age. We argued long on the point that he was nearly through with this world any way and he would make a powerful friend of my wealthy friend for his last sickness by wholly revealing to us the mysteries of the cavern. the cavern.

"Especially do I wish to know about the woman in the case." exclaimed my friend.

"Who was Matt Tromp's mother? Who was the fair prisoner whom Capt. Kidd left here in charge of his wealth and his baby he neighbors.
After the passage of the words McCaughn

After the passage of the words McCaughn engaged Judge Callahan to bring suit for the recovery of the chicken, and Gormley has engaged Wanhope Lynn to defend his case. Judge Callahan said last night:

"I have searched the legal reports in vain to find a parallel case, and I am convinced that the point at issue is new. It seems to me that McCaughn has the best right to the chicken. It is a thoroughbred, and his hen undoubtedly laid the eag from which it was hatched. He is willing to compensate Gormley for his trouble and the hen's services. The case will have to be argued on equity. If Justice McMahon of Parkville decides arainst us we will appeal the case. It is not a question of the money value of the chicken, but of the right of the case."

Mr. Wanhope Lynn has put in his answer, which is a general denial of McCaughn's claims. If Gormley's hen had not protected this egg, he says, the chicken in question world recover. "Who said anything about any bride?" he asked.

"Why, you left us to infer that—that there was a wife, presumably a bride, for Kidd was not long in one place. And I presume her spirit haunts the place yet, guarding those pots of gold."

As I volunteered this you could have knocked Pete down with a feather. I feared I had destroyed the day's fun, for during the next 10 minutes the patriarch scarcely moved so much as to breathe.

We gave him yet another dollar.

Then he arose like a mannikin, lighted a lantern which he had probably stolen from some freight train on Mr. Vanderbilt's road just below, and mumbled:

"You fellers are prophets. You seem to know. Take your own risks if you dare. Come on."

We followed him to the entrance of the cavern. Every one has read of the physical tortures moured by adventurers while penetrating a cave. I had, but no description can do justice to the facts. You are prepared, of course, to ruin your clothing, but you maturally resent the demands made on your epidermis.

Yielding all hopes of keeping a whole

claims. If Gormley's hen had not protected this egg, he says, the chicken in question would never have been hatched. Then agam, if the eggs had been collected and cooked, the game chicken would have been lost. Then there is another theory which he asserts the appearance of the chicken seems to bear out. There was nothing to prevent one of Gormley's roosters from being the father of the egg. A father's claim, according to law, is paramount, and if this theory is correct then the chicken belongs to Gormley's coop.

Mr. Lynn is also resolved, to appeal the

according to law, is paramount, and it this theory is correct then the chicken belongs to Gormley's coop.

Mr. Lynn is also resolved to appeal the case if the decision is against him. He has submitted the problem to a number of law-yers, and they about equally divided in their opinions as to the equity of the suit. Hon. Bourke Cockran thinks that Mic-Caughn has the best claim to the chicken on the ground that one of his hens laid the egg. Robert H. Racev, the criminal lawyer, warmly and pertinaciously supports the claims of Gormley's hen. The question is being debated on lay grounds in Parkville, where, on account of the prominence of McCaughn and Gormley, it has excited a great deal of interest. Nearly all of the ladies think that Gormley has the better claim to the chicken. The suit will come up for a hearing before Justice McMahon next week (Friday).

In the meantime the game chicken is industriously scratching in Gormley's back yard.

DANA AND ELLA WHEELER.

Spirited Tilt Takes Place Between Two Very Facile Pens. Elia Wheeler Wilcox, while staying at hort Beach, Conn., wrote as follows to the

New York Sun:
"Your personal comments in Sunday's Sun, upon the reproduction in one of the lesser monthly magazines of my poem 'Delilah' seem rather unreasonable.

"You should lay the blame not upon me, but upon the editor who, for lack of better material, filled upspace by republishing old

terrible.

The cave was the profoundest silence, the most awful darkness. The dust of 1000 years lay like a carpet on the stones. The valley winds had strewn the cavern's throat with sand leaves till we sink into it three inches. It was a perfectly dry cavern.
"Do you see them shoe tracks?" asked Pete, pointing down with his lantern held low. How grateful I was for the voice, though it was taken up and echoed in dismal cadences. In fact, the sepuichral echoes of our voices were so frightful that from the first I had dreaded to use this means of shattering the silence.

"Them tracks are by Capt. Kidd's own shoe, a giant's foot. And right here along side is the pretty little shoe of the woman. That's the time she went in for the last. He was carrying some of the gold and she was carrying the baby boy. When she goes in and out now she don't leave any tracks."

Surely there were the footprints. Explain it who may.
"She goes in and out nowadays, does she?" asked my friend. For my part I was too dumb with fright to speak, peering forward with a dread of seeing the ghostly lady start out of the gloom.

"Every Christmas she comes out with her bag or a pot of the treasure!" solemnly exclaimed Pete, emphasizing each word with a peculiar jerk of his lantern.

"Whither does she go?" asked my friend. "Look out, or you'll extinguish our lantern!" I yelled, and so adjourned the old man's answer.

That darkness! Shall I ever chase its material, filled upspace by republishing our verses.

"I suppose all authors are subjected to this experience, which not infrequently proves an annoyance. Most of us improve with time, and feel that the work we did 10 years ago does not fitly represent us today. I have frequently requested editors who insisted upon copying my earlier efforts to print them without the addition of my married name, thus signifying that they were my earlier poems.

really of the beer drawer.

The tall man returned to the counter and told the bartender he guessed he'd take a guestion to most of that which preceded it, and wholly different. It is this work which I have done to the counter and told the bartender he guessed he'd take a guestion to most of that which preceded it, and wholly different. It is this work which I have done to the end of the bar where the copied and republished. Therefore, it is seems most unjust that you should so serverely censure me for the republication in the republication in the republication in the guestion of that which preceded it, and wholly different. It is this work which I would have copied and republished. Therefore, it is seems most unjust that you should so serverely censure me for the republication in the guestion of the seems most unjust that you should so serverely censure me for the republication in the guestion of the seems most unjust that you should so serverely censure me for the republication of the work which I are reputlified in the policy of the beer drawer.

The del manne, thus supidify the dot the bartender he guessed he'd take a guestion which was written look and walked of the end of the bart where the sun and end without my wonsent, of a poem which was written look and reputlified in the policy and as such I do not regret having tropped in the policy and as such I do not regret them.

The tall man ate his herring and crackers and draw his beer, and patronizingly told the told the policy and assuch I do not regret them.

The tall man ate his herring and crackers and draw him and honestly, and the causes which led to their creation are fully explained in 'Poems of Passion.

The tall man ate his herring and crackers and draw him as the proper so were written. The few so-called 'erotic poems' which I have written. Clerty which I have written. Clerty which I have written. Clerty when the proper so were the pro

tern! 'Iyelled, and so adjourned the old man's answer.

That darkness! Shall I ever chase its shadows from my mind! Our feeble taper became but a revealer of the biack gullet which we were penetrating. Hazy bars darted like spears into the gloom. From rocky shelves the masses of blackness seemed to break off and tumble as snow in Alpine avalanches. One listened to hear them crash upon the floor of some chamber deeper down. Then, again, the strangely beautiful darting of our lantern's rays, as you have seen the noonday sunbeams dart down and branch in trembling movement into the heart of a turnid pond.

We walked erect. We were frequently in chambers of considerable size as was easy to recreave by the touch of the hand on the rocky corridor, then nothing to touch, then the narrow passageway once more. In not one of these gigantic chambers did the darkness yield to our light sufficient to show dimensions. It was indeed darkness eternal. Since the sun was created here was space where he had never shined. Yet the air was cool, and grew sweeter, even exhilarating, as we proceeded. Proceeded! A thousand times had I resolved to return; but old Pete seemed deaf. No word of entreaty penetrated his ears, Even the chink of silver dollars would not louse him to any response. He plodded on, on. We thought of the aged guide's feeble heart-beat with its 91 years of throbung. What if he were to drop and join the ghostly shades that mayhap haunted the place?

We were about agreed on forcibly halting him when in an eye's twinkle, the decayed old man began to dance! As he sprung up and down and waved his hands a change came over him. He wore an aspect of a boy, and a light, soft, phosphorescent, beautiful, broke over him, over the lordly chamber where we stood.

"See yonder!" we both spoke it.

The wonderful glory shoue from a Person.

minds! "Why not praise my worthy efforts oc-

ye the Van Houghtapoetings of great New York?"

My friend managed to groan out that he was acquainted with this very old family in the persons of some of its latest representative.

since show contrary they are to the nature of shows how contrary they are to the putter of seeds in a water and and alcohol on the human system he has throughly studied, and it is said that he remainder of his life in the strong of the stro

for some time taking a more accurate survey. I found him in almost a perpendicular position, but with very short and abrupt curves in a number of places. The straight places in his body were fitting very closely in the conjugations in the bark for six or eight inches at a stretch, and taking advantage of every offset in these conjugations, in the reports that he has solved the problem of the reports that he has solved the problem of keeping pantaloons in shape. His plan is to have a separate pair of suspenders for each pair of the suspe

A Low-Down Establishment.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]
A tall man somewhat rumpled but looking as if he had a lot of native pride and dignity stepped into a down-town saleon, and

nity stepped into a down-town saleon, and in a stately way said to the bartender:
"A glass of imported beer, sir."
"No imported." said the bartender.
"Bless me!" exclaimed the tall man. "No imported beer!"
'Nothing but the every-day United States beer." said the bartender.
The tall man turned scornfully away and walked toward the door. He stopped before he reached it.

walked toward the door. He stopped before he reached it.
"Is it cool?" said he to the saloon man.
"See them files limpin' round on the bar?" said the saloon man. The tall stranger said he did. "Feet frosted from hoverin' over that beer." said the saloon man.
"And is it served in schooners?" asked the tall man.
"Reg'lar double decker!" was the assuring reoly of the beer drawer.
The tall man returned to the counter and told the bartender he guessed he'd take a glass, but he was afraid it would go against him. The beer was drawn out, and the man walked to the end of the bar where the lunch was.

Chicago Herald. "Ethelinda. darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evenmoment of my life. I came here this evening, heping, yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely nead resting so contidingly on my shoulder, by this kiss on your sweet lips, I—but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing. Walter, mothing but papa. He's a lawyer, you knew, but he amuses himself with all sorts of fads. He's practicing on us with his kodak. Go on Walter, dear. What were you about to swear?"

They Should Try The Globe.

[Atchiscn Globe.]

Some people only order an advertisement in a newspaper for the pleasure of ordering it out, and telling the publisher that it did them no good

NEW RATES TO AGENTS. No matter what your occupation is, you

can make money in spare moments by get. ting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a A French doctor has been giving some advice to persons who are unable to give up the permicious habit of taking a book to bed



floor and rise up again without the aid of his hands. He goes fishing nearly every day in the Black river, stands in the water up to his knees from morning till night, and ofttimes lands as many as 50 cattish a day. Who of that age can beat this record?

A remarkable proceeding is reported from Chicago, where a father, Jacob Lanfield was arrested for not taking out a theatrical license for a little theatre which his children ran in the cellar, charging five pins admission. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out by a policeman.

New York has expended \$9.000,000 in buying land for new parks.

It is estimated that the accidents to various warships during, the recent English naval manuality have cost the government \$1,250,000.

In a recent letter Indian Commissioner Morgan says that he has issued instructions that no more Indians shall be taken from the reservations by travelling shows.

the reservations by travelling shows.

Two girls in St. Laborious, Ill., claimed the same man, and one sold out her interest in him for \$700.

Sarah Bernhardt, when she returned to France from London lately, had 48 trunks with her, weighing nearly three tons all being her personal baggage. Traffic was interrupted at the Angers station, and the railway staff paralyzed by this extraordinary "kit."

the weather is cold than when it is mild.

It is estimated that in England one man in 500 gets a college education, and in America one in every 200.

In a recent lecture a professor of languages, in commenting on the difficulties foreigners had to overcome before they could master our language, made mention of the following philological oddities: The letter cochanges lover into clover, d makes a crow a crowd k makes eved keyed, g changes son into song, I transforms a pear into a pearl, s changes a hoe into a shee, t makes bough bought, and w makes omen women.

A Kranch doctor has been giving some ad.

with them and reading themselves to sleep. In the first place, he says, they should every evening bathe their eyes with salt waternot sait enough to be painful, however. The reading should be done in a reclining position but sitting up, as reading on one's back is hurtful to the sight, almost as much as a feeble light, which should be carefully avoided.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have some important

the Japanese take their baths at a very high temerature—about 110 Fabrenhest—and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and come out of them as red as lobsters; but and the mean of the them as red as lobsters; but and the mean of the them as the state of the but as many there are the state of the but and the but as lobster of the but and the bu

Mrs. Van Cortlandt-Oh. dear! I wish I knew how to preserve my complexion this

should have packed it away in camphor with the other things, my dear!"

an oddity, sure, and attracted much attention.—[West Chester Republican.

The Mexicans are more original than those countries which celebrate their victories. They have just been celebrating their defeat at the battle of Churubusco on the 22d of August. 1847.

By the agency of the London children's country holidays fund 20.000 children last year enjoyed a short holiday in the country.

An owl shot near Jackson, Ga., last week, measured five and a half feet from tip to the wings and had a small steel trap on one of its feet.

M. de Brazza the French African explorer, has achieved great success among the negroes of the Gaboon region by organizing among them fairs of the European, and especially the Gallic, kind. During the feet of July 14, the London Telegraph. Sharis correspondent says, the blackamoors and their dusky wives or sweethearts of anced to the music of a hurdy-gurdy, and patronized eagerly the merry-co-rounds. Shooting galleries were also erected, the negroes using their spears instead of rifles.

issues. They inaugurate a new collection of "Sabbath Day Music," bearing a lithograph of Trinity church, Boston, by Leon The cost of the Parnell commission to the London Times is now put down at £150,000.
The Japanese take their baths at a very high temperature—about 110 Fahrenheit—and come out of them as red as lobsters; but there appears to be no fear whatever of catching cold.

The Japanese take their baths at a very times from Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Abt, Rubinstein, Wagner, Gounod and many others, music that the most fastidence will be gilling to call symphonies, sonates, oratorios, hymns and Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Abt, Rubinstein, Wagner, Gounod and many others, music that the most fastid-

Removed at Plessure. Dry Goods Chronicle,

ummer!"
Her husband, absent mindedly - You

Prend Lineage and Quaint Pessessiens of the Hills of Billerica.

Dear Old Dwellings With the Flavor of Another Day.

Like an old man in his dotage, in the midst of brick blocks that skirt a busy thoroughfare, stands the Justin Lombard homestead on Main st., Springfield, built 102 years ago. It is a most valuable me morial to the quiet life of the olden days and has been occupied by the family until recently, and, moreover, has never passed from its control or ownership. The last of the direct line and lineage died at the homestead Tuesday, July 22, 1890, after a life of 76 years passed beneath the same roof. She was the last of her generation, the oldest having been born 100 years prior to her death.

The ancient landmark was built by the father of the late Justin Lombard, and stands almost alone as a typical building of the last century. This estate, like all of the homesteads on the west side of Main st., extended back to the Connecticut river, and once included about 85 feet of land to the south of the present place. All the children were born in the house, and nearly all died there. Of the sisters, Charlotte and



LOMBARD HOMESTEAD, SPRINGFIELD, MASS

onee Eank. Two of Daniel Lombard's daughters Delia and Caroline, still live on Howard st. the former enjoying good health at the age of 94, while a third was the late Mrs. Elisha Edwards. A sister of usual Lombard, Mrs. Frost. was grandmother of J. F. and A. G. Tannatt. while her brother. Roswell, was the grandfather of Miss Jennie Lombard.

Exeter, N. H., is an old family town. One hundred years ago it was, as it is today, the abode of many wealthy and aristocratic families. They owned extensive possessions, lived in stately mansions, and had abundant wealth. Foremost among these families were the Gilmans. Through all the colonial period they were a notable and influential race Members of the family held civil office

Formost among these families were to form and strong and the stron

mourning, the original bill for which is still in existence, and reads as follows:

Boston, April 9, 1783.

Mr. Dudley Odlin.

Secure within, is security for his great grandson in 1890. The chima closest by the chimney abounds with rare specimens of the early days. Bought of Samuel Blodgett

The present owner most cheerfully enter-tained your representative by showing the unbroken set given as a wedding present to his grandmother, and other rare specimens of an early date, while the old clock ticked on in the corner as it has for a full century. It was brought there as a paternal gift to a bride, and has never failed in its regular duty. nt owner most cheerfully enter-Rec'd payment by the hands of Gen'l Folsom.
J. BLODGETT.

Three sons survived Nicholas Gilman, John Taylor, alterward governor of the State for many years; Nicholas, an officer of the revolution and a senator of the United States, and Nathaniel, who was State senator and treasurer.

The eldest of the three sons of Gov. John Taylor Gilman next owned and occupied

The old roundabout chair has its accus-



dren were born in the house, and nearly all died there. Of the sisters, Charlotte and Frances spent their lives in this house, the latter dying there in 1885.

"In recent years the place has undergone elaborate repairs, yet the belongings of the old-fashioned residence have been kept in harmony with the building, which, with the exception of the removal of the dormer sashes, has been little changed in 100 years. The family used the old well, and never introduced the famous unadulterated "Ludlow." Justin Lombard cultivated a garden with scrupulous care, and, shut in by high fences from the busy streets around him, worked there industriously every summer. For nearly 30 years he scarcely ever anpeared in public, and during the winterspeat much of his time in a chamber over the carriage-house, where he occasionally entertained an ac maintance with stories of his seafaring life. He was occasionally seen on the street, however, and walked with head erect, taking little notice of people, but usually looking straight ahead.

The family history has been an interesting one. The father, Justin Lombard, an original settler in Springfield, who located on what is now known as Long Hill. Of the senior Justin Lombard's brothers, Daniel was postmaster when the office occupied the present site of the Chic

The interior of the house is divided into

mistakable.

The interior of the house is divided into 16 rooms, the principal apartments being the parlor, library, hall and the room on the southwest corner used by the Gilmans for an office. The house is all built of hard wood, and the polished oaken floor of the hall shines like a mirror. The hall is of good size, with more than one reminder of past greatness in its wainscoted walls and its staircase railed in with curiously-wrought balusters.

The parlor is a large room somewhat longer than wide. It is not so very lofty, being rather low posted as are all the rooms on the first floor; those in the second story are higher. The windows in the parlor have deep embrasures and scats and folding shutters. The governor's office." as it is called, is some 18 by 25 feet, well-lighted, cheerful and cosy, and looks today, irrespective of furniture, very much as it must have looked when he occupied it. To name the great and famous men who have sat within those walls would exhaust no little time. The wisest and bravest and best of the sons of New Hampshire have gathered there at times in private confab. in social converse and to discuss affairs of state.

There are wood panels in walls and ceilings, in the rooms, great fireplaces surrounded by richly carved panels, closets in place and out of place.

The clambers are of good size, and the

Four miles below Brattleboro. Vt., on the New Hampshire side of the Connecticut river, and about 20 rods from the site of old Fort Hinsdale, stands the "Lis-com place." a square hip-roofed, two-story mansion, that was built after the fashion of the better class of colonial resi-



dences, and is older than the American



HILL HOUSE, BILLERICA, MASS.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS

Fallacies in Dr. X.'s Rules for Raising Babies-An Old Man Who Educates Infants Not to Cry.

To the Editor of The Globe: I have read, with considerable interest,
your summer hints for mothers, notably the
Inhuman Treatment of an Insane interview with "Dr. X." in your issue of Aug. 3, and the letter from that gentieman

Rec'd payment by the hands of Gen'l Folsom.

J. Blodgett.

N. B.—All kinds of mourning are very scarce, and no crape in Boston.

Three sons survived Nicholas Gilman.

John Taylor, alterward governor of the State for many years; Nicholas, an officer of the revolution and a senator of the United States, and Nathaniel, who was State senator and treasurer.

The eldest of the three sons of Gov. John

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The experience of the many is more safe to follow than the experience of one, especially when that one has not demonstrated that his babe can survive in such a climate as New England affords, without wearing apparel. The writer passes to one side the question of the modesty of the situation and the open question whether the child will look back with pride to the years when she went naked. "the observed of all observers." The danger of the situation is that the child may find going without clothes such a comfortable way that as she grows older she will refuse to don them. Then Dr. X. will have something to exhibit that "approximates nature—it is radically natural."

Because the experimenter is a physician some persons may think he knows just what he is doing, but that does not necessarily follow. Icite an instance:

Some years ago a Boston physician published a work on the feeding of babies. It purported to tell how the physician's own child was fed on three meals a day, and for all the charms of baby character was unexcelled—"a unique specimen of infancy." The book described at length just how much food was administered to the babe, and the child was said to be thriving to the writer's entire satisfaction when 7 months of acc on open put of milk a day. There to follow than the experience of one,

E. EXETER. N. H.

Tomord place in the front entry just under the winding stars leading to the gurret. The place of the continuence of the continue

ons.

I have not seen the wonderful babe Or.

has so much to say in praise of, nor do I eed to see her to know that she is not received and the seen of the seen o

A. has so much to say in praise of nor do ineed to see her to know that she is not properly cared for.

The readers of The Gloom do not need to be told that when they recline at night, if they are perfectly comfortable, they will lie stretched out at full length. If they are cold they will draw themselves into a heap, the head will shrink down between the shoulders and the arms and legs will nestle close to the trunk in an endeavor to retain all the heat of the body and become warm. Dr. X.'s baby is described as "asleed on her belly, with legs drawn up snugly under her, meeting the little elbows at her side. In other words, she was uncomfortably cold, and if so kept any length of time, must suffer material injury.

Again: The doctor is quoted as saying: "My baby's flesh on the abdomen is firm and compact, like Sullivan's, when he is in training." Now, Mr. Editor, such a statement from a physician in praise of the condition of his child is remarkable. It exposes his ignorance of the living healthy body. There are few mothers but will tell you that when their babes are in health the bowels will be soft and phable. When they are hard there is something wrong, and that something, in this instance, was no doubt due to exposure to cold, or lack of sufficient iood to nourish the body and keep it warm, or both.

No babe can continue to thrive who is

ever, in many cases months are required to overcome the effects of opiates which have been given to stupefy the baby into sleep, so that it would not call upon others for

help.
Our chief was taking three babies, all about help.
Our chief was taking three babies, all about four months old, on a journey of 3000 miles in a Pullman, without help. In the morning, after being fed and bathed, they lay cooing and examining each others' fingers and toes with great interest, and, of course, the women in the car marvelled greatly when they learned that that old man had three babies and that they did not cry. So they came up and said one after another. 'Oh. see, your babies are awake. Why don't you take them up?" "May I take one?" "May I kiss that one?"

"No, madam, these people have rights, though they are not big enough to maintain them." replied the chief. "If you want a plaything I will get you a doll."

"But why don't they cry?"

"Because they are educated babies," was the reply. "If you should take one up and shake it a while and kiss it it would, no doubt, cry as loud at that baby in the other end of the car, which has the constant care of mother, father, aunt and servant, yet cries all the time."

Remember that when the baby is sick some adwit is to plame.

G. F. W.

ladies to whom the idea of appearing in tights is suggested by the scales alone should see to it that their limbs are above criticism in other respects than size before adding failure and mortification to foolishness in offering a lifeless dummy in place of

SIXTEEN YEARS IN CHAINS.

Man in Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA. Aug. 30.—Dr. Henry M. Wetherell of the State committee on lunacy has made discovery of a startling case of inhuman treatment of an insane man in Venango county, near Franklin.

The doctor's investigation revealed that George Young, a son of a very wealthy but illiterate farmer in the sicinity of Franklin had been chained in a room in the farm-

BOSTON VS. DAKOTA.

Simple Language of the Hub Too Much for the Cowboy. and [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

There were three passengers in the Deadwood stage, a long-legged cowboy, a be-spectacled and highly refined old maid from Boston and a man who had nothing to do but listen.
"Yer needn't tell me anything about In-

"Yer needn't tell me anything about Injuns," continued the cowboy, replying to a remark of the old maid's. "I've lived with 'em an' seen 'em. They're treacherous, filthy critters. I've had their bullets an' their arrers into me an' I tell yer there ain't no good Injun but a dead Injun," "Have you ever read Helen Hunt's 'Ramona'?" mildly asked the old maid. "Helen hunted what?" replied the cowboy, with a heavy accent on the what. "'Ramona.' 'Ramona.' a book written by dear Helen Hunt. Have you ever read it?" "No, I never read Roman, an' if it's anything about Injuns I don't want ter read it. I know how you Eastern folks feel erbout Injuns. That't because you don't know anything erbout 'em."

After this there was silence for some time.

In uns. That't because you don't know anything erbout 'em."

After this there was silence for some time. Finally the Boston lady discovered a hill-side covered with yellow flowers. She gazed at them admiringly for a moment, then, turning to the centaur, said:
"You are acquainted, I suppose, sir, with the flora and fauna of this region?"
"With the who?"
"The lora and fauna?"
The cowboy turned to the window, and, with a sudden and emphatic motion of his head and lips, sent a yellow jet of tobacco juice nearly to the straggling fence at the side of the road. He then deliberately crossed his long legs, pulled his slouch hat low down over his eyes, and sank back into a corner of the car. Although the Boston dame addressed him several times afterward, he did not speak another word all the way into Deadwood.

An Obvious Case.

Police justice-What's the charge against the man? Officer Rafferty (who made the arrest)-Vagrancy.

Police justice—But why did you arrest a man on such a charge when he carries on a business right here in the block?
Officer Rafferty—I took him at his own word, your honer. When I asked him to buy a ticket to our charity ball game he

[Somerville Journal.]
Ethel had been sitting on the sofa in si-

lence for half an hour intently watching the lady who had come to visit her mother for a day or two. At last the burden of her thoughts was laid down with a sigh, as she looked up in the visitor's face and asked: "Didn't you bring any other dress?"

(Cape Cod Item.)

"Did you ever get anything out of the Louisiana lottery?" 'No; I'm not a stockholder or manager in

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REE 20 DAYS from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON FORTRAITS and at the same time extend us a picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make E liss for us a picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, so us a LIFE-NIZE CRAVON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE. change in picture you wish, not intertering with the line, Broadway Theatre Bidg, New York dress all mail to PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, Broadway Theatre Bidg, New York

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Pesigns and plans for houses, oct.

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The World's Wonders, beautifully illustrated, of the Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Niagara Falls, the Alps, Paris, Vesuvius, Venice, Vienna, the Canons of Colorado, Manunoth Care, Natural Eridge, Watkins Glen, the White Mountains, etc., etc. Statistical and Miscellaneous, given a vast

The World's Wonders, beautifully dilustrated, of the Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Niagara Falls, the Alps, Paris, Vesuvius, Venice, Vienna, the Canons of Colorado, Mammoth Caxe, Natural Bridge, Watkins Glen, the White Mountains, etc., etc.

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